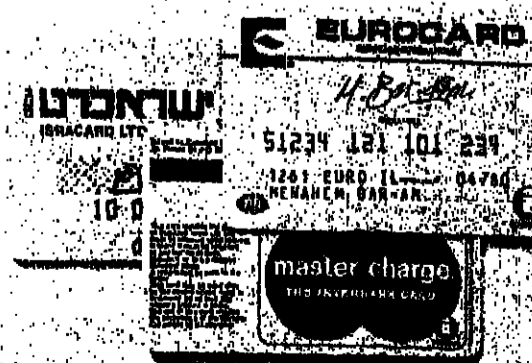


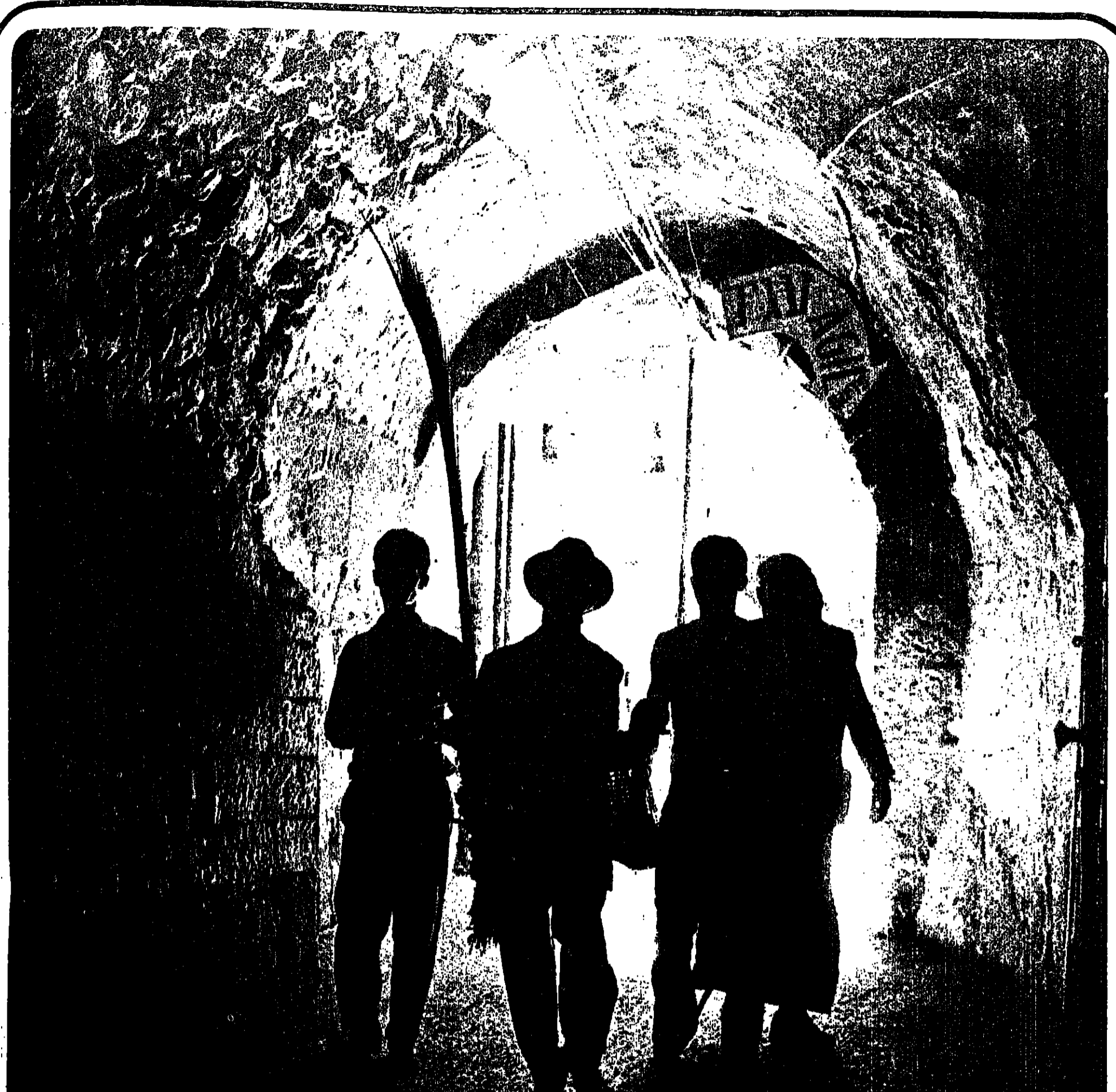


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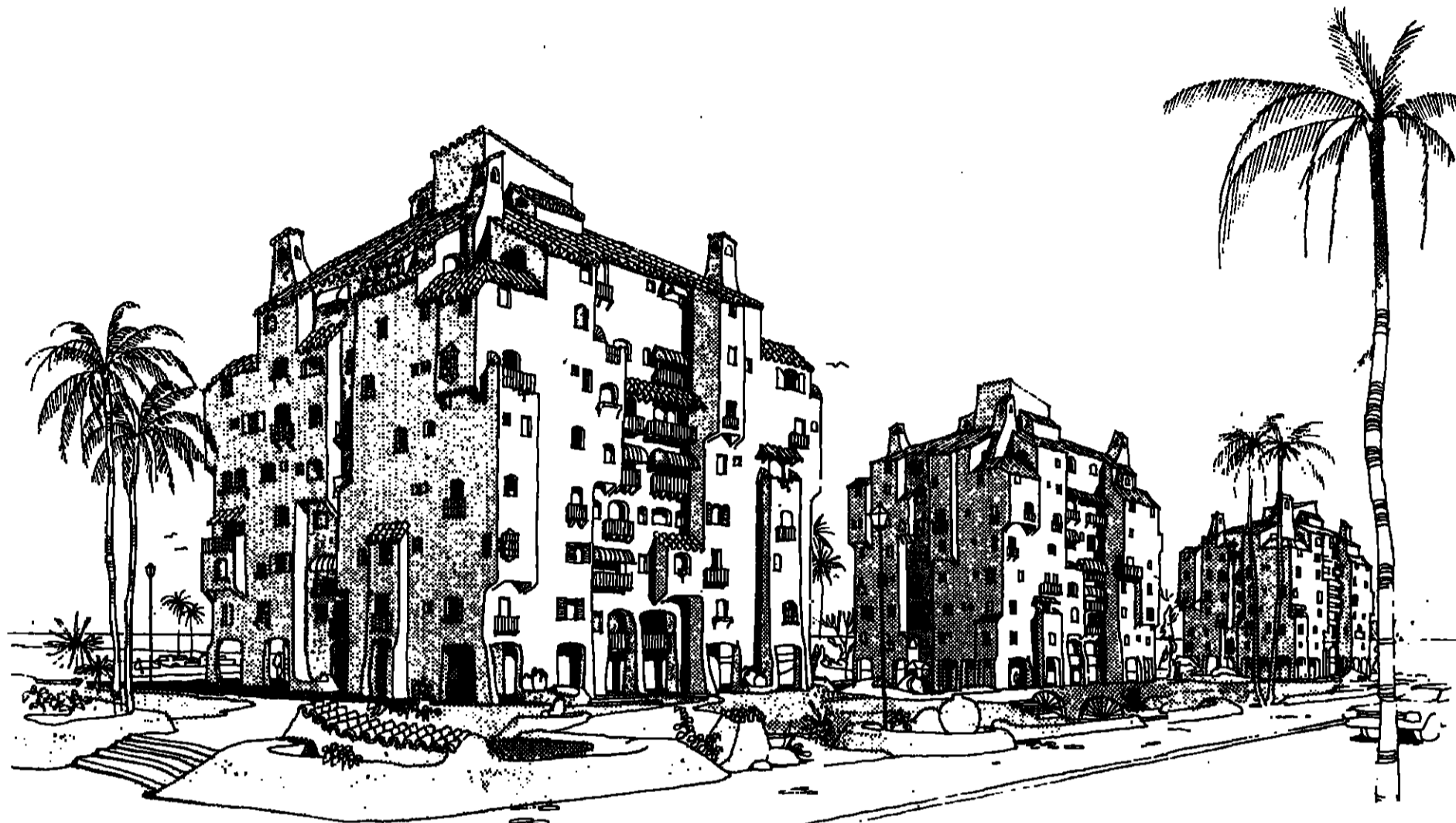
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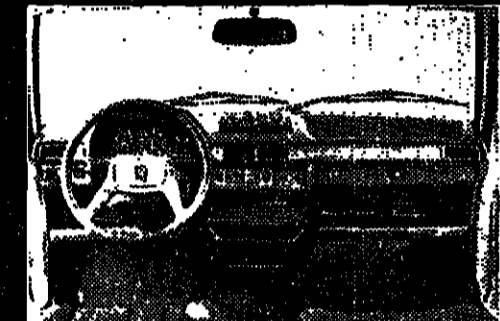
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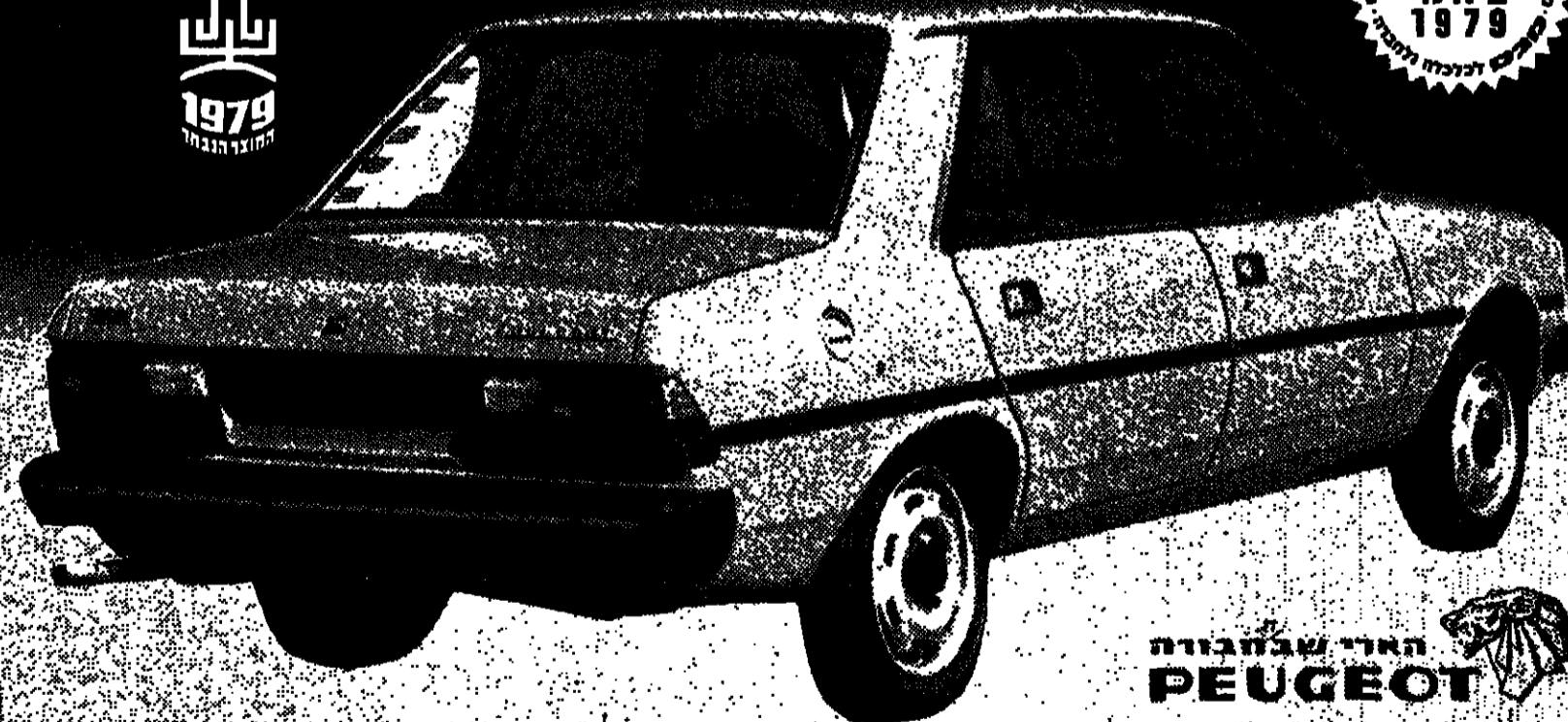
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החירי מבחורת



On the cover: On the way to the Hotel (Isaiah Karlinusky)

In this issue

	Page		Page
Norman Stillman reports on the situation in Morocco.	0	The Book Section. Reviews include: the memoirs of a Jew brought up as a Catholic; Hebrew short stories by Orson Yishai; the story of Israel's development towns; two novels about World War I; an autobiographical novel by Philip Roth; a ghost story about a ghost story; an analysis of the language of love; a study of the power of the media in the U.S.	15
Ya'acov Friedler visits a developing development town in Galilee.	8	Marta Meisels goes marketing underground.	
Shalva Well examines the theory that the Pathans are descended from one of the lost Ten Tribes.	10	The Weekend Dry Bones.	
Zev Katz stays in some of the Soviet Union's megalithic hotels.	12	In the Poster Pullout: Music and Musicians by Yohanan Eshem (D); Rock, Etc. by Madeline L. Kind (E); Media Week (G); Matters of Taste by Haim Shupiro (H); TV and Radio schedules (N); Cultural Affairs by Catherine Rosenthal (S); Chess (L); Ephraim Kishon is unlucky with antiqua (M); Bridge (N).	
Isaiah Karlinusky photographs Jerusalem's Liberty Bell Garden.	13	The Art Pages. Meir Ronnen writes about the Washington museum; Gil Goldfine goes round the Tel Aviv galleries.	20

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JERUSALEM

Tuesday, October 16, 1979 — Jerusalem Theatre, 8.30 p.m.

- A. Karlheinz Stockhausen — Michael's Youth (Act I of "Light")
Stage libretto by Karlheinz Stockhausen
Choir text from the Apocrypha
Choir of the Westdeutscher Rundfunk-Koeln (Recorded)
Musicians, soloists, dancers, singers and mime
- B. Cristobal Halffter — Jarchas de dolor de ausencia (Kharjas on the pain of absence)
Hamburg Vocal Ensemble — a cappella choir
Conductor: Klaus Vetter
- C. Emmanuel Nunes — Hessed (Grace) (The Death of Rabbi Shimon Bar Yohai — Zohar)
Chamber orchestra (musicians of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra)

Wednesday, October 17, 1979 — Jerusalem Theatre, 8.30 p.m.

- A. Yizhak Sadai — Trial '19 (The Inquisition Trial of Leonora de Gonzales)
Audio-visual presentation
- B. Homage to Alexander Tansman — A. Tansman — Apostrophe to Zion
- C. Gilbert Amy — Shin'anim (Angels of the Throne) for chamber orchestra and soloists:
Alto — Benedetta Pecchioli
Violoncello — Nina Flyer
and clarinet
- D. Mauricio Kagel — Vox Humana? (Ladino) Cantata for women's voices and loudspeaker solo
Hamburg Vocal Ensemble, Conductor — Klaus Vetter
Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Narrator — Avraham Ferrera

TEL AVIV

Saturday, October 20, 1979 — New Tel Aviv Museum, 29 King Saul Avenue, 8.30 p.m.

- A. Karlheinz Stockhausen — Michael's Youth (Act I of "Light")
Stage libretto by Karlheinz Stockhausen
Choir text from the Apocrypha
Choir of the Westdeutscher Rundfunk-Koeln (Recorded)
Musicians, soloists, dancers, singers and mime
- B. Gilbert Amy — Shin'anim (Angels of the Throne) for chamber orchestra and soloists:
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Violoncello — Nina Flyer
and clarinet
- C. Mauricio Kagel — Vox Humana? (Ladino) Cantata for women's voices and loudspeaker solo
Hamburg Vocal Ensemble, Conductor — Klaus Vetter
Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Narrator — Avraham Ferrera

Sunday, October 21, 1979 — New Tel Aviv Museum, 29 King Saul Avenue, 8.30 p.m.

- A. Yizhak Sadai — Trial '19 (The Inquisition Trial of Leonora de Gonzales)
Audio-visual presentation
- B. Cristobal Halffter — Jarchas de dolor de ausencia (Kharjas on the pain of absence)
Hamburg Vocal Ensemble — a cappella choir
Conductor: Klaus Vetter
- C. Emmanuel Nunes — Hessed (Grace) (The Death of Rabbi Shimon Bar Yohai — Zohar)
Chamber Orchestra (Musicians of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra)

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מושג חדש בביטוח: ביטוח-חיים משפחתי

בימים אלה נחשבונו על תמישה חדשה ומענינה בנין שח — ביטוח חיים משפחתי. תמישה זו מתווה את חבנית מגדל בנין — גג למשפחה הצעירה.

מחבנית הישנה המסורתית מסבירים: "בשנים האחרונות חנו חמורח מענינה בחזות חבנית החכליל של כל המשפחה המודרנית בישראל"

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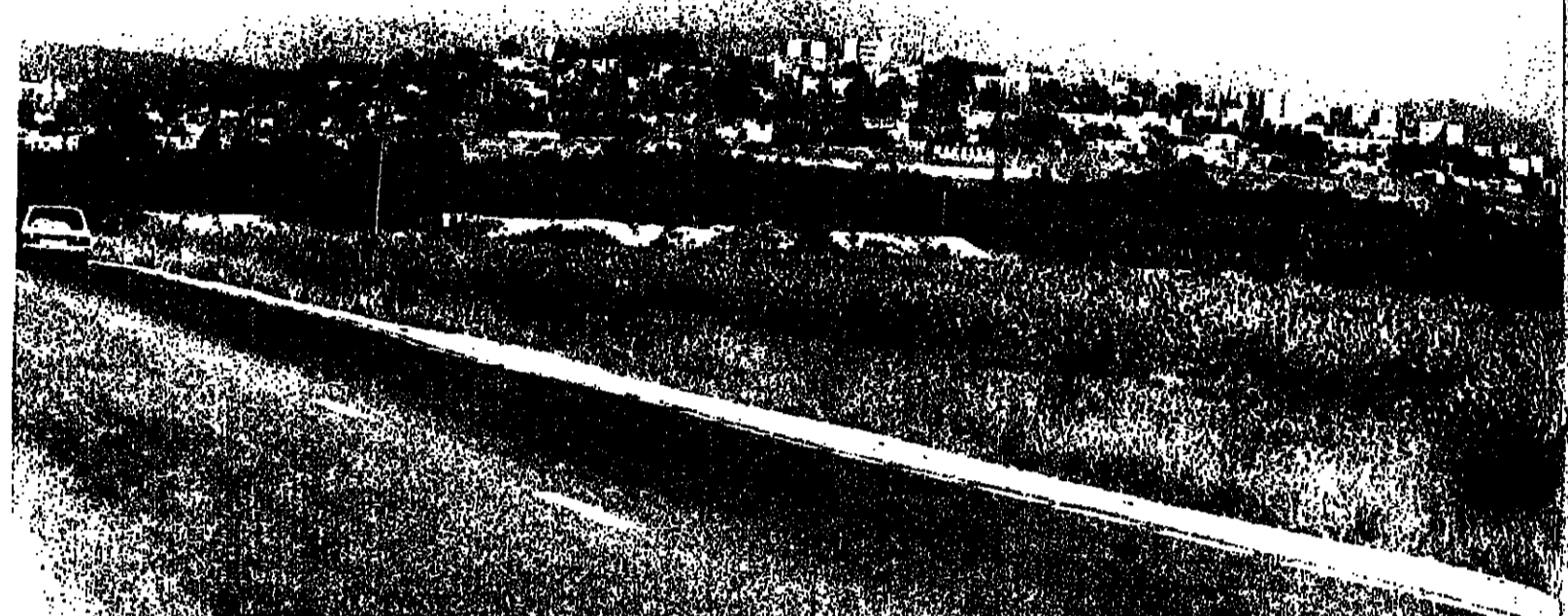
אני יודעת שזה מצב בלתי נסבל אבל אני לא יכולה לעשות כלום. רק חוק בנין-חיים חובה יכול למנוע מצב כזה של אלמנות ויתר-עם שנותיו לפתע בחסר-

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Flats in the hills

The availability of apartments has done wonders for the image of Shlomi.
 The Jerusalem Post's YA'ACOV FRIEDLER pays a visit to the Galilee development town, which is still getting accustomed to the idea of gaining, and not losing, population.



(Above) Shlomi, as seen from the northern road. (Below left) Mayor David Hazan. (Below right) Absorption coordinator Sandee Rovner explains about the town to prospective residents David and Osnat Fuchs, a home-hunting couple from nearby Kfar Lehman. (Photographs by Zvi Hagi)



ALMOST from the day it was founded in 1950, as a *ma'abara* which evolved into a "development township" that didn't develop, Shlomi has been a problem place.

Residents of the Upper Western Galilee town, 12 kms northeast of Nahariya, clearly were part of the "Second Israel." The main problem for those who lived in the town, nestled among green fields and orchards of prosperous kibbutzim and moshavim, was how to get out of the place.

That's no longer the case. Today people, mainly young get-ahead types, are vying with each other to get into Shlomi. It is true that they are drawn by offers of good quality flats at near give-away prices. For one in Shlomi previously only to report on demonstrations and protests, it was eye-opening to find educated young sabras standing in line to get a flat there.

As long-time Mayor David Hazan put it, "Things have changed." It was superfluous to add "for the better." As a result of Shlomi's protracted agitation for a share in the country's progress, the government came to its aid a few years ago in a drive to attract industry to what had been, for two decades, a reservoir of cheap farming labour for the neighbouring kibbutzim and villages and their low-paying food-processing plants.

Today, Shlomi's "industrial zone" has a number of small metal-working and engineering plants, already employing 400 workers, most of them still commuters from Nahariya and Acre. Thirty or forty more jobs are available immediately, and more if it becomes worthwhile to add a third shift.

"There are several dozen more well-paying industrial jobs available at the Isasbest and Iscar plants in Nahariya, and with the Rafael Arms Development Authority. These are sophisticated jobs, no more farm labouring or food processing," Hazan noted.

All the Shlomi industries are private enterprises, and include a highly sophisticated dental drill bits plant opened by Eytan Wertheimer, and an industrial mould plant, established by a local resident. There is also the beginnings of an electronics plant. So the young men of Shlomi need no longer look forward to a life of unchallenging work, or leaving Shlomi to look for more sophisticated jobs. Indeed, the one factory — albeit the largest — in the industrial complex, which makes sausages, is staffed almost exclusively by non-Shlomi labour and is regretted as a "mistake."

ON OCTOBER 17, Shlomi is scheduled to start a population drive by offering 100 three-and-four-room flats, (70-85 square metres each) for sale or rental at extremely easy terms, with a cash downpayment of only IL15,000 to 20,000. Unlinked monthly rent or mortgage payments will not exceed IL2,000.

The flats, in pleasant three-storey apartment houses, have been standing empty for lack of takers for some years. They are being put on the market as part of the drive to populate the Galilee, which started so successfully at Ma'alot last month, and is to be continued at Kiryat Shmona next month.

Shlomi has been quietly attracting new residents to its empty flats and workbenches since the beginning of the year, and has done very well. Since January, 120 new families have moved in, "and with the exception of three have

settled down very well," Hazan noted. They increased Shlomi's population by 25 per cent; it now totals just over 600 families, or 2,500 souls. The vast majority are still of North African origin, but there are now 15 per cent of Yemenite and 15 per cent of European extraction, the latter mostly from among the newcomers.

HAZAN, 42, was first elected mayor on the Labour ticket 10 years ago. He says there are many reasons for young and energetic families to come to Shlomi. Cheap housing; pretty good education from 18 months to the eighth grade, (the older children are still bused to neighbouring high schools or sent to boarding schools); fair employment opportunities; and a fast developing cultural life, centred on the fine "Matnas" Culture, Youth and Sports Centre which brings in weekly film shows and artists, and provides a swimming pool, tennis and basketball courts,

with a gymnastics facility on the way. Once-a-week transport is provided for a neighbourhood folk-dancing evening at Geshet Haziv, which is very popular, as are the weekly folklore sessions.

Nahariya, with all its entertainment possibilities, is only a 15-minute bus ride away, though the buses stop at nine. The authorities have not yet got around to building a bicycle path, which would be the most obvious way of commuting for a night out on the town. The coast is only three kms. from Shlomi.

THE LEBANESE border is also close, but Hazan feels that makes it one of the safest places in Israel. "We have no guarantee against *katyushas*," he says, "just as Tel Avivians are not immune to road accidents."

The hoped-for new blood will augment Shlomi's collection of local rates, which currently account for only IL500,000 of the IL35m. budget. It may also,

Hazan admits, result in the establishment, himself included, being turned out at the next elections, "and about time too," he adds with a wry smile.

He himself intends to stand down voluntarily and return to his bookkeeping trade. The Labour mayor, whose office sports a full set of the Talmud ("I'm a yeshiva graduate from North Africa") says that he doesn't believe anybody is irreplaceable, and that he has had enough after seeing Shlomi through the transition from "a labour camp for the surrounding farms to an unpolluted industrial city in the making."

MUCH OF the credit for Shlomi's metamorphosis belongs to Sandee Rovner, who has the fancy title of "absorption coordinator," a Jewish Agency salary, a ramshackle Histadrut-owned office and who gets a warm smile of recognition from every face in the town. Sandee simply doesn't see why anybody should want to live

anywhere else but in Shlomi. She finds it pastoral, unpolluted and unpolluted, well situated with a moderate climate — perhaps a little like her native Iowa, in the USA. Above all, she sees it as a challenge for anybody who wants more out of life than simply making a living and keeping the Joneses behind you.

Though officially the cheap flats are only for people who have found jobs in Shlomi, Sandee in fact looking for candidates who already have jobs not far away, "because they can contribute more to the cultural and progress of Shlomi after working hours than a factory worker would here all day."

Sandee, 32, has been in Shlomi for just over a year, having chosen the place when taking a group of visiting American Jewish students on a development tour, as part of her former parents' Jerusalem job with the Jewish Agency. Then, says Sandee,

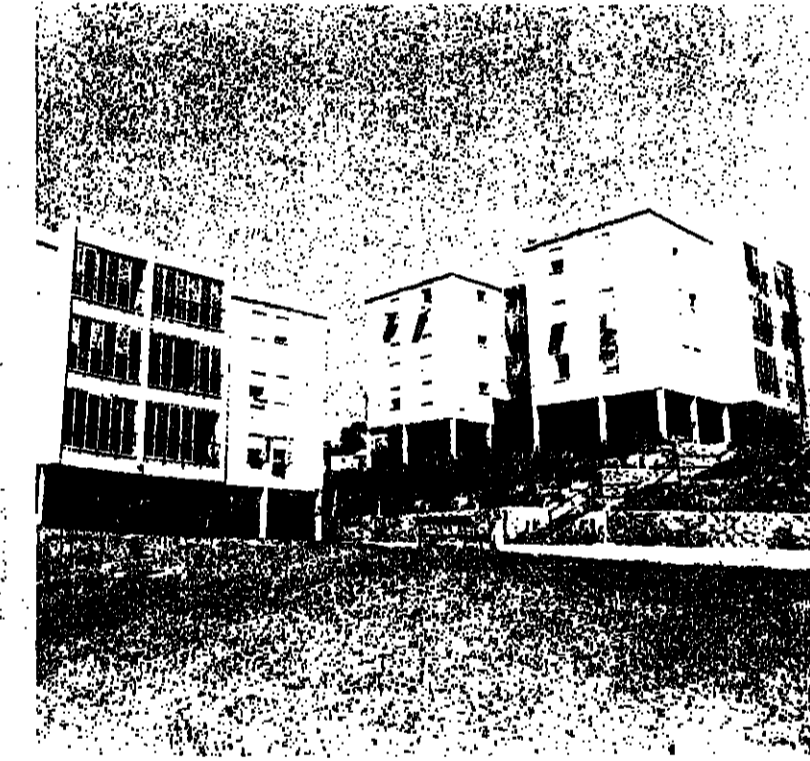
Shlomi was still a God-forsaken backwater.

Her great fear now is that when all the empty flats are occupied, which they undoubtedly will be within a matter of weeks, she'll have to look for a new challenge, and she's got one lined up — "preventing two societies developing here and growing apart." Quite a few of the Shlomi old-timers, many of them pensioners now, still live in the jerry-built, ugly old houses that were the *shikun*-in-a-hurry style of the early Fifties; they cannot afford even the very easy terms now offered on the better flats. For a start, Sandee mused, just repainting the garish greens and violet red blocks might do wonders.

WHILE WE WERE talking, two young couples drove up to enquire about the flats. David and Osnat Fuchs, from neighbouring Kfar Lehman, are living with his parents, whose house won't be big



(Above) Long-time Shlomi resident beats rug outside his 80's shikun. (Below) New flats, waiting for 100 new occupants.



that had been standing empty were put on the market at greatly reduced prices. "Once a few housing-desperate people moved in and found they had done well, they told their friends, and one success gave birth to another. Now I'm as much concerned with keeping unsuitable candidates out as with getting people to move in," Sandee remarked, noting that Shlomi had indeed come a long way.

When the present 100 flats are gone, the council will start "working" on the government to complete another 100 which have been standing partially finished for some years, since the contractor who built them went bankrupt. By the time they are taken, Sandee hopes Shlomi will have made enough progress to advance under its own steam, attracting more people without the bait of give-away flats.

AMONG THE "newcomers" are a smattering of English-speakers, including Francis and Pamela Madden, who immigrated to Israel from the Boston area a year ago. Pamela, 24, is a petite ballet teacher who has her hands full teaching dance in Shlomi. Francis, 27, was a folk singer in the U.S. and is studying graphic art.

They are very satisfied with their apartment, which they have decorated with jute hangings, pictures and posters, knick-knacks and a magnificent Arab hammered brass tray-table. "We're not city people and like complete silence. Shlomi is ideal for us," Pamela said. Out of her window she looks at the cotton-fields changing colour in season, listens to the birds and watches the banana, avocado and pecan trees producing their fruit. A half-hour walk takes them to the beach at Ahziv, and they are looking forward to the day when the supermarket will be completed "and no doubt serve as a meeting place, where the women will get to know each other."

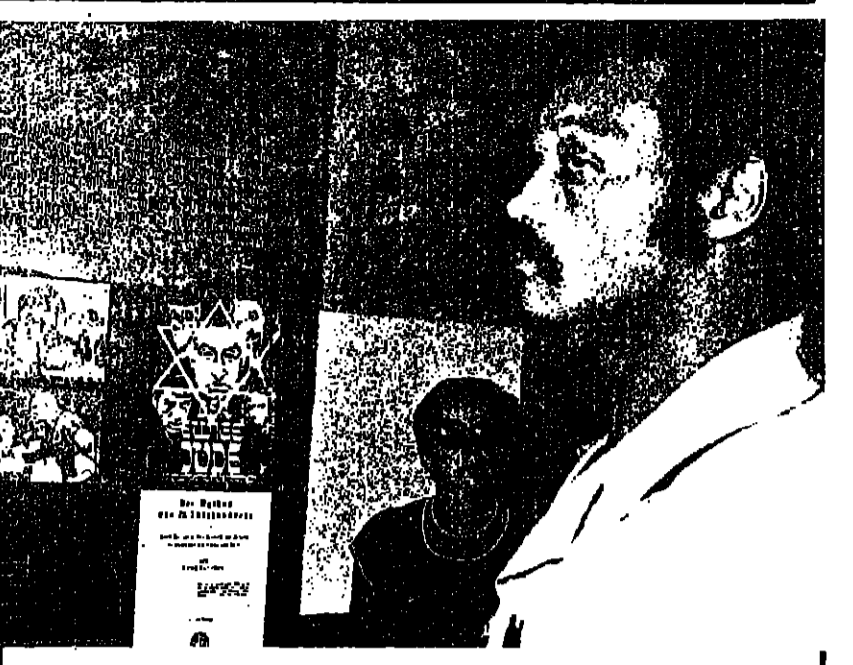
As to culture and entertainment, Pamela and Sandee agree that "in Tel Aviv there are more places not to go to," but that in fact there are so many activities, cultural and social, going on at the Matnas Centre, only a few steps away, and so cheap, that in fact you get to be more culturally active in Shlomi than in Tel Aviv.

ASKED ABOUT the practice of populating the Galilee by more or less giving away flats to a housing-hungry Israel, the government's coordinator in Galilee, Haim Haham told *The Post*: "We had these flats standing empty in the various Galilee townships for years. That is not only expensive in capital costs, but also causes great damage to them. So we decided to offer them at really bargain prices, thus achieving both the goal of populating and of getting the flats off our hands. The purchasers undertake to live in them.

"No doubt there'll be some failures, speculators and disappointments, but we shall be getting a sizable influx of new people to the Galilee, which is a major national goal."

As to the future, when the present stock of flats has been sold, Haham hopes that the situation will have developed to the point where people will continue to come even if the next batch of flats won't be quite as cheap. "Who knows, eventually we may be doing so well that people will want to come to the beautiful Galilee even if they have to pay the full costs for their apartments," he mused hopefully.

The Shlomi image changed during the past year when the flats



THE THREE I's.

They used to say that any prospective candidate for high office in the USA had to make the three I's trip — Italy, Ireland and Israel.

It now seems, and will seem even more so in the coming election year, that the new tour will be the three I's plus A. Arafat.

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Pathan puzzle

According to one legend, King Saul is the ancestor of the Pathans. Some scholars in Jerusalem today are seeking to determine whether these tribesmen inhabiting the Afghan-Pakistan border area are in fact descended from one of the 'lost' Ten Tribes, writes SHALVA WEIL.



THE CURIOUS idea that 15 million Moslem Pathans could be of Israelite origin, and could potentially be converted (or reconverted) to Judaism, has not gained much attention in the past. But today, a group of rabbis, academics and professionals are examining the question in all seriousness in order to ascertain whether in fact the Pathan tribes are descended from one of the "lost" Ten Tribes.

The Pathans consist of approximately 80 tribes, one of the largest tribal groupings in the world. They occupy a vast area in Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province and the east and southeast of Afghanistan. Some tribes straddle the boundary between the two countries.

There are several reasons why the Pathans may share a common heritage with the Jews. The most persuasive is the Pathans' own tradition of their Israelite origin. Other "indicators," such as custom and language, also provide support for the claim—a claim bolstered by the physical and social characteristics of the Pathans who, like the stereotypical Jew, engage in moneylending and entrepreneurship.

The legend about the Israelite descent of the Pathans relates that King Saul bore a son by the name of Jeremy, whose birth is not recorded either in the Bible or in the Midrash. Jeremy fathered a son called Afghana, and when King Saul and Jeremy were killed in action, Afghana was taken to King David's palace, where he and his family continued to live for generations. Four hundred years later, when Nebuchadnezzar began his terrible persecution of the Children of Israel, Afghana's descendants fled to "Gur" or Jat in Afghanistan, where they continued to live until this day.

According to the legend, in 602 CE the descendants of Afghana were converted to Islam at the explicit request of Mohammed himself. The mission was accomplished by his emissary Khalid Ibn al-Walid, who returned to his master with "proof" of his activities, including 78 converts and seven leaders of the "Children of Israel."

Among the leaders of these descendants of Afghana was Kish, who bore the name of King Saul's father. Kish's name was changed to Ibn Rashid and Mohammed entrusted him with the task of spreading the Islamic word. According to Pathan genealogies, Kish married Khalid Ibn al-Walid's daughter, who bore him three sons, Sarban, Bitan and Ghurghut.

All Pathan tribes today claim descent from the offspring of Kish. Many of them also claim that they are "Children of Israel."

THE CUSTOMS of the Pathans are regarded by scholars and laymen alike as proof of their association with Jews. To cite but a few examples: the Pathans perform a circumcision ceremony on their boys eight days after birth; they wear *arba canfol* and a type of *hullit*; their womenfolk observe the purification laws of *nidda*; they light candles on Friday night; they observe food taboos similar to the laws of *kashrut*; they have Hebrew names and some of them even observe Yom Kippur. Some Pathans have been reported to wear amulets with the words *Shema Yisrael*—Hear O Israel—written on them.

The Pathans refer to the *Tora* as the *Tora* of Al-Sharif, or the *Tora* of Moses, and whenever Moses

the Afghani royal family with dispersed Israelites in his book *Makhzan-i-Afghanit*.

Other authorities, however, are convinced of the Israelite origin of the Pathans. Prof. Immanuel, who made a detailed investigation of the subject (*Islamic Culture*, January and April, 1948) reaches this conclusion on the basis of historical, anthropological, philological and other evidence.

Until recently, the only name of Jewish scholar who expressed interest in the subject was the late President Yitzhak Ben-Zvi. In his book, *The Exiled and the Redeemed*, Ben-Zvi cites Jewish travellers and European explorers from the Middle Ages to the present day who returned with news of the Afghani-Israelites. These were the Pathans, a tribe people who "looked Jewish" and "acted Jewish" to all intents and purposes.

TODAY, in a flat in the Dagan Vegan quarter of Jerusalem, Rabbi Elisha Avichayil follows Ben-Zvi's footsteps. After 11 years' study of the subject, 21 four years after the establishment of *Amishav*, a society for the study of the lost tribes of Israel, Rabbi Avichayil is convinced of the necessity for thorough research into the origins of the Pathans in order to establish their Jewish link.

Working steadily with his pupil Elisha Brin, Avichayil has produced a pamphlet entitled "The lost ones in the land of Assyria." In which a brief description of the Israelite origins of the Pathans appears together with accounts testifying to their Israelite descent.

The witnesses are in the main Jews from Afghanistan or Pakistan, who came into contact with the Pathans before their migration to Israel. One of these Shalom Dadaash, who was born in Horat, relates:

"On my way to Israel, I went through Peshawar. At the border one of the guards stopped me for a security check. When he saw that we were Jews, he asked: 'Are we also Jews? See, I wear *talmit*, my father wears *talmit*, my mother lights candles, my grandmother lights candles—so are we Jews or are we not?'

"I understood from him that he was of the Levani tribe. According to him they are the descendants of the tribe of Benjamin. I asked him in jest, 'Why don't you seem to want to?' He answered, 'The day will come when we will return to Judaism.'

"As a token of appreciation he gave us a few loaves of bread and sent us away with honour."

"The man was bearded, healthy, his face resembled that of a Jew. He resembled the type of people who came to Horat. Many of them traded especially with Jews. They loved the Jews."

ANOTHER witness, Amnon Eliyov, an immigrant from Afghanistan, told the following story:

"When I was in the rural area around Kabul, I met many people who claimed descent from the Children of Israel who are remnants of the lost Ten Tribes. One of the lost Ten Tribes, the *arba canfol* over their robes. According to the tradition of the village, he who wears the *arba canfol* will not be hurt by war and bullets will not penetrate his body.

"In 1947, they found an ancient stone in Charikar [a town north of Kabul] on which was engraved Hebrew words."

stone attracted the attention of archaeologists and was brought to Dar-El-Amman museum at Kabul. Nearby, there is also a Jewish gravestone surrounded by a fence and next to it a prayer house.

"I arrived at one of the villages of the Afridi tribes late on Friday afternoon. I stayed with a Moslem family, but imagine my surprise when they lit candles, and hid them in a corner—a relic of an ancient custom, so they described it, but they were unable to explain the reason for it.

"In the evening, they served grape juice to the members of the household. By Islamic law, it is forbidden to drink of the vine, but they have an ancient tradition which must be preserved."

THE WITNESSES' reports themselves are sufficient to convince Rabbi Avichayil of the Hebrew origins of the Pathans. But he realizes that more scientific research is necessary to establish conclusive proof.

Certain institutions have expressed interest in the matter and both Chief Rabbis have independently expressed support for the undertaking; but, like President Ben-Zvi before him, Rabbi Avichayil has encountered difficulties in persuading serious researchers of the importance of his mission.

From a pragmatic point of view, the research is fraught with dangers. If the Pathans were proven to be of Israelite origin, the implications would be tremendous for the State of Israel, which currently has no diplomatic relations either with Pakistan or with Afghanistan. The religious question could also be problematic, although the thought of 15 million people converting or reconverting to Judaism does not appear to deter Rabbi Avichayil.

Lack of basic information on Pathan society appears to be a serious consideration. The fact that the Pathans occupy such a vast, remote area stretching between Afghanistan and Pakistan means that little basic data is available on their numbers, tribal composition, or exact geographical location. Since most of the Pathans are nomadic (although some are also settled), borders are flexible, although tribal rule may not be. The delineation of "Jewish" customs from tribe to tribe and clan to clan is a formidable task.

Some of the available information about the Pathans is to be found in a fascinating book by the Swedish anthropologist, Frederik Barth, entitled *Political Leadership among the Swat Pathans*. Describing social behaviour in a remote valley of the North-West Frontier Province, he portrays the tribesmen as conducting their human relationships on a calculated basis of profit and cost. Barth sees the lives of these tribesmen as a transactional game, in which they seek power through political alliances and seizure of land.

Although Barth is actually writing about the Swat Pathans, and even more specifically the Yusufzai tribe, who may be the "sons of Joseph," these people have come to be equated with general Pathan social organization in general. Barth himself is in no small measure responsible for this, but the lack of similarly detailed accounts of other Pathan tribes is a contributory factor.

(Dr. Weil is a lecturer in anthropology at the Hebrew University.)

themselves, defying, as they do, international boundaries and international norms. For the Pathans are involved in a bloody war against the pro-Communist Afghanistan government in Kabul. The fighting, which started soon after the pro-Moscow regime seized power in a coup over a year ago, has affected more than half of Afghanistan's 28 provinces, but the centre of activity is the Pathan zone near the Pakistan border. From here, Pathan guerrillas are engaged in what they describe as a holy war to free Afghanistan from its Soviet-backed leaders.

Along the Pakistani border, the Pathans appear to have had a large measure of success, and reports over the last few months indicate that the guerrillas may not be far from the capital.

War is not unfamiliar to the Pathans. Their history has been an alternation between domination and submission, and fighting is an integral part of their lives. This is reflected both in their ferocity and personal pride and in their national consciousness. The famous Pashto poet Khushal Khan Khattak (1613-89) writes frequently of the warrior-king, a role idealized by the Pathans to this day. For not only have attempts been made to colonize the Pathans; the Pathans themselves have ruled non-Pathan kingdoms at great distances from their homeland. The poet Khattak writes of seven ruling Indian dynasties who were Pathan; it is certain that at different periods of history, from Bengal, Delhi and Kabul, they controlled vast stretches of land.

DURING the last century, many Pathans served as soldiers in the British army, but their loyalty was never to be relied on. In the "Settled Areas," as the British designated the Pathan tribal areas, the situation was far from settled and at times unsettling. In Peshawar, the main district of the Frontier Province, as many annual murders were recorded as in the whole of the rest of the Indian sub-continent.

Despite the ferocity of some of the tribesmen, anarchy did not and does not prevail. The Pathans are guided by their code of honour, *Pachhunwali*, which places upon them a threefold obligation: *mebnasha*—the duty to grant hospitality, even to one's direct enemies; *manawati*—the duty to grant asylum to fugitives; and *badal*—the right to avenge dishonour.

Ben-Zvi wrote of the code's "amazing resemblance to the ancient Hebrew constitution," which was inevitably modified under the influence of the Moslem Sharia law. Rabbi Avichayil freely compares the *Pachhunwali*, and particularly the rules of hospitality, with the laws found in the *Tora*.

Other similarities have still to be investigated. For example, is the Pathan "scapegoat" the *azazel* goat which was sent to expurgate the sins of Israel? Or does the blood which the Pathans smear on the doorstep in times of plague bear any resemblance to the blood the Children of Israel daubed on the doors in Egypt during the plague of the firstborn?

If only we could establish these and other facts, explains Rabbi Avichayil, we could then come to conclusions as to the identity and origin of the "lost" Pathan tribes. And if they are "lost" Israelites, some sharp thinking will have to be done. □

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THE NUPTIALS Tomorrow, Oct. 6; Tues., Oct. 9

THE DYBBUK Oct. 7, 8

HOMEWARD BOUND Oct. 7, 8

ONE OF THE most impressive buildings in Jerusalem, the Notre Dame Hospice, has had an extremely checkered history in its relatively short lifetime.

Conventional chow

Built by the Assumptionist Fathers in the late 19th century as a pilgrim's hostel, it was so badly damaged in the War of Independence that one whole wing was rendered unusable. For almost 30 years it stood on the border, its battered facade facing the Old City wall.

Assumptionists decided they could no longer care for the building and sold it to a subsidiary of the Jewish National Fund. This aroused such protests in Catholic circles that eventually it was sold back to the Vatican itself.

The rooms, for the most part, were rented out to students and occasional transients, with a smattering of other more permanent guests who fitted into no definable category. Small, makeshift kitchens served the residents of each floor.

Since then, the massive structure has been the scene of steady reconstruction work. Curious as to what had happened there, we decided to visit it for lunch.

MATTERS OF TASTE

Halm Shapiro

together at large tables, we were directed to one of the few small tables. The only menu on the table offered a choice of drinks, and we were told that we would be served the set meal.

I am not quite sure what I expected, perhaps a robust soup cooked by nuns. But the opening course was remarkably prosaic—a Waldorf salad that could have been the product of any Jewish hostelry.

The main course, on the other hand, was far more interesting, showing some northern influence, possibly Flemish. Together with a piece of braised beef in a rich gravy, we had a large portion of browned potatoes and red cabbage in a thick sauce. All in all a pleasant dish, especially if eaten only occasionally. In keeping with this type of cuisine, there was no salad.

While the guests, for the most part, consisted of groups seated

definitely a letdown. It consisted of bright yellow, lemon-flavored shaving cream, evidently prepared from some peculiarly revolting imported powder and far inferior to the *pareve* delights of most of the local kosher dining rooms.

The influence of the local Arab waiters was to be found only in the Turkish coffee.

The bill, which I must say considered a modest IL4.6 for two, including two bottles of local beer.

FEELING A BIT let down at not having been served the thick, gruel-like soup I had expected at a hospice for pilgrims, I decided a few days later to make one for myself. I chose a very simple form of the standard potato and leek soup that is common, with local variation, all over Europe.

I began by peeling about a kilo of potatoes (five large ones), cutting them into cubes, and boiling them in about four cups of water. While they were cooking, I clean-

ed and trimmed five leeks and after slicing them into chunky rounds, added them to the potatoes.

I left the vegetables to simmer for about 20 minutes, and then prepared a roux in a small frying pan. For the uninitiated, this is merely a mixture of fat—I used about two tablespoons of butter—melted and an equal quantity of flour.

After gradually stirring some of the soup into the roux to form a thin paste, I added this to the pot, together with a cup of milk. Another 10 minutes of simmering eliminated the floury taste and amalgamated all the ingredients.

Adding salt, pepper and grated nutmeg to taste, I covered the pot and let the soup sit for about 10 minutes before serving. In fact, it's even better to let the soup rest overnight, but for those in a hurry, at least 10 minutes is essential.

This soup, reduced to a puree, and served cold, is basically the American creation, *vichyssoise*, a dish that is often a disappointment to those eating it for the first time. But if you like cold mashed potatoes, by all means try it. One word of warning, however: don't puree the soup in a blender, which may make it turn gummy. Use a food mill. □

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ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields, practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand.

It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

Readers can contact us by writing to the ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS DIVISION, Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 616, Jerusalem.

NATIONAL INSURANCE BITUACH LEUMI

You've immigrated to Israel. You've run around, gotten relatively settled and you suddenly sit back and think to yourself, "Here I am, away from my family and long-time friends and if something should happen to me, I have no one to turn to."

You can rest easy. Israel's comprehensive social security legislation, administered by the National Insurance Institute (*Bituach Leumi*) provides a wide spectrum of coverage.

Bituach Leumi is a compulsory insurance paid by every Israel resident from the age of 18 with the exception of housewives (who may, however, take out optional insurance). Among its benefits are old age and survivor's pensions; maternity benefits; children's allowance; work injury, disability, unemployment, military reserve service compensation, and protection of worker's rights in case of bankruptcy or liquidation of the employer.

If you are employed, your employer will register you and make your payments to the National Insurance Institute. The fee is calculated at a percentage of your gross salary. A small portion of your salary is deducted towards the payment and the remainder is contributed by the employer. It is advisable to check to make sure that your employer has registered you. If you are not working or are unemployed, you will have to register yourself and make your own payments.

NOTE: If you leave Israel to live abroad temporarily during any period of your adult life, you will still be insured by *Bituach Leumi* and will be required to continue to

make payments during your period of absence.

MATERNITY BENEFITS

Bituach Leumi's generous maternity benefits are an expression of Israel's policy of encouraging childbearing. Two types of benefits are granted. The *me'anak leida* (childbirth grant) covers hospital expenses for childbirth and provides a "shei" (gift) to the mother to help cover the costs of a layette and equipment for the new baby. The *d'mei leida* (maternity allowance) compensates the working mother for income lost during her maternity leave. In some cases, *Bituach Leumi* also participates in covering the costs of transportation to and from the hospital.

A previous column, "Having a Baby in Israel, Part I" describes in detail the maternity benefits available from *Bituach Leumi*. Reprints of this article are available from the Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 616, Jerusalem.

CHILD ALLOWANCE (KITZVAT YELADIM)

The National Insurance Institute also pays a child allowance to every mother with at least one child under the age of eighteen. The monthly allowance is deposited by *Bituach Leumi* directly into the mother's bank account (or the parents' joint account).

Allowances paid as of October 1979 are listed in the following table. The figures in parentheses are the amounts given to new olim (not temporary residents) and to families in which one member served in the Israel Defence Forces.

No. of Children	Monthly Allowance (in IL)
1	362 (362)
2	724 (724)
3	1177 (1448)
4	1636 (2582)
5	2083 (3512)
6	2536 (4644)
Each additional child	463 (1032)

In order to receive child allowance benefits olim arriving with children must file an application at their local *Bituach Leumi* office. Applications for babies born in Israel are processed by the hospital at the time of birth.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE (BITUACH AVTALA)

Suppose you have worked as an employee for at least 100 days out of the first year you've been in Israel (or, if you've been here longer, for at least 180 out of the 360 days previous to your unemployment, or for another valid period of eligibility), and you suddenly find yourself out of work. DON'T PANIC! The first thing you must do is register at the nearest branch of the labour exchange (*lishkat ha'avoda*) or, if you are a college graduate, at the *leshka ha-asukat academa'im*. If you are willing and able to work in your occupation or a related field and the labour exchange has not been able to offer you suitable work (commensurate with your vocational training, education, state of health and fitness, within 40 km of your residence, and with a salary that is at least equivalent to your unemployment benefits) then you will be able to receive unemployment benefits.

If you are unemployed and your spouse is not working and you have a child, you should receive between 40-80% of the basic wages you had been receiving during the 100-day (or alternative) qualifying period before your unemployment. A single unemployed person, or a married person without children receives 30-70% of the wage. If you are 45 years of age or older or if you have at least three dependants, you will be able to receive unemployment benefits for up to 175 days. In other cases, you may receive these benefits for up to 138 days.

If you've quit your job without justification or if you refuse to accept suitable work offered by the labour exchange, you will not be able to receive unemployment compensation for 30 days from the date of refusal.

WORK INJURY INSURANCE (BITUACH NIFG'EI AVODA)

Bituach Leumi offers many types of assistance to a worker who has been injured on the way to or from work, during or as a result of work, or who has suffered an occupational disease. Benefits include compensation for loss of income due to absence from work, payment for medical care, and vocational and medical rehabilitation. In some cases, dependants of a worker who died as a result of work injury may be entitled to vocational rehabilitation and a subsistence grant during the period of their studies.

The injured person is paid for his absence from work up to a

maximum of 182 days at a rate of 75% of his wages (up to a maximum IL422.05 per day). The rate of the benefit is updated from the 91st day of payment to adjust to any fluctuations of the average wage or cost of living.

Disability pensions (*kitzat nechut mes'uda*) are also paid at a rate proportional to wages and the degree of disability. There is a special dependants' pension paid to the spouse, children and sometimes even to the parents of an insured worker who is killed in a work-related accident, at a rate proportional to wages and linked to the national wage average and cost-of-living index. In order to receive disability benefits a request must be submitted at a local branch of *Bituach Leumi* as soon as possible after the date of injury.

For those who have been disabled outside of work, the National Insurance Institute also contributes (*kitzat nechut klali*). In certain cases, housewives are also eligible for disability benefits. Survivors of an insured person whose cause of death is anything except war are entitled to benefits as well. Burial expenses are also covered by *Bituach Leumi*, and are paid directly to the burial society.

OLD AGE INSURANCE (BITUACH ZIKNA)

Israel takes the expression "till a hundred and twenty" seriously and *Bituach Leumi* insures a continued income upon retirement to every resident of Israel with the exception of non-employed married women (who may, however, take out optional insurance).

Men aged 65 and over and women aged 60 and over who receive little or no income from other sources are eligible for *bituach zikna* benefits. The exact amount of the allowable income from other sources is fixed by law. Those receiving an income above this maximum are entitled to *bituach zikna* benefits at ages 70 for men and 65 for women.

Contact *Bituach Leumi* to find out how many years one must be insured in order to qualify for *bituach zikna* benefits.

These pension benefits are calculated at a percentage of the national average wage. A single person receives 10% and a married couple, 24% of the average wage. There are other increments for special cases. For instance, if your total income does not reach an established income maintenance level, you will receive a supplementary social welfare increment (*hetava sotzialit*).

Men and single women who are not eligible for the regular pension may receive a special old age pension (*kitzat zikna meyuchedet*). Included in this group are new immigrants, who, at the time they became permanent residents of Israel, were age 60 or over, provided that they are not eligible for any other pension from *Bituach Leumi* and that their income (including any pensions from other sources) does not exceed a maximum determined by law. The special pensions are financed by the state treasury (for non-immigrants) or the Jewish Agency, Israel (for immigrants). The *hetava sotzialit* mentioned

above is also paid to recipients of the *kitvat zikna meyuchedet*.

As these pension benefits are only payable from the date on which application was made and are not retroactive to the date of reaching pensionable age, it is advisable to submit your application promptly upon reaching pensionable age.

MILITARY RESERVE DUTY COMPENSATION (TAGARU MI'LUAM)

As of October 1, 1977, anyone called for military reserve duty of two continuous days or more is entitled to reserve duty compensation amounting to 100% of his salary or income up to a legally prescribed maximum. The lowest possible payment is 55% of the national average wage, including cost of living allowances. This minimum rate is paid to students and those who were either unemployed or whose incomes were lower than the prescribed minimum upon being called into the reserves. In order to receive this benefit, you must submit a request through your employer or directly to the nearest *Bituach Leumi* office. Army form No 3010 must be attached to your request.

VOLUNTARY INSURANCE FOR HOUSEWIVES

In certain cases it is possible for a non-working housewife to obtain optional old age and survivor's insurance in her own name. This insurance is usually found to be worthwhile for a non-working woman who is separated from her husband or for a woman who ceases working before reaching pensionable age, but wishes to retain old age insurance in her own right.

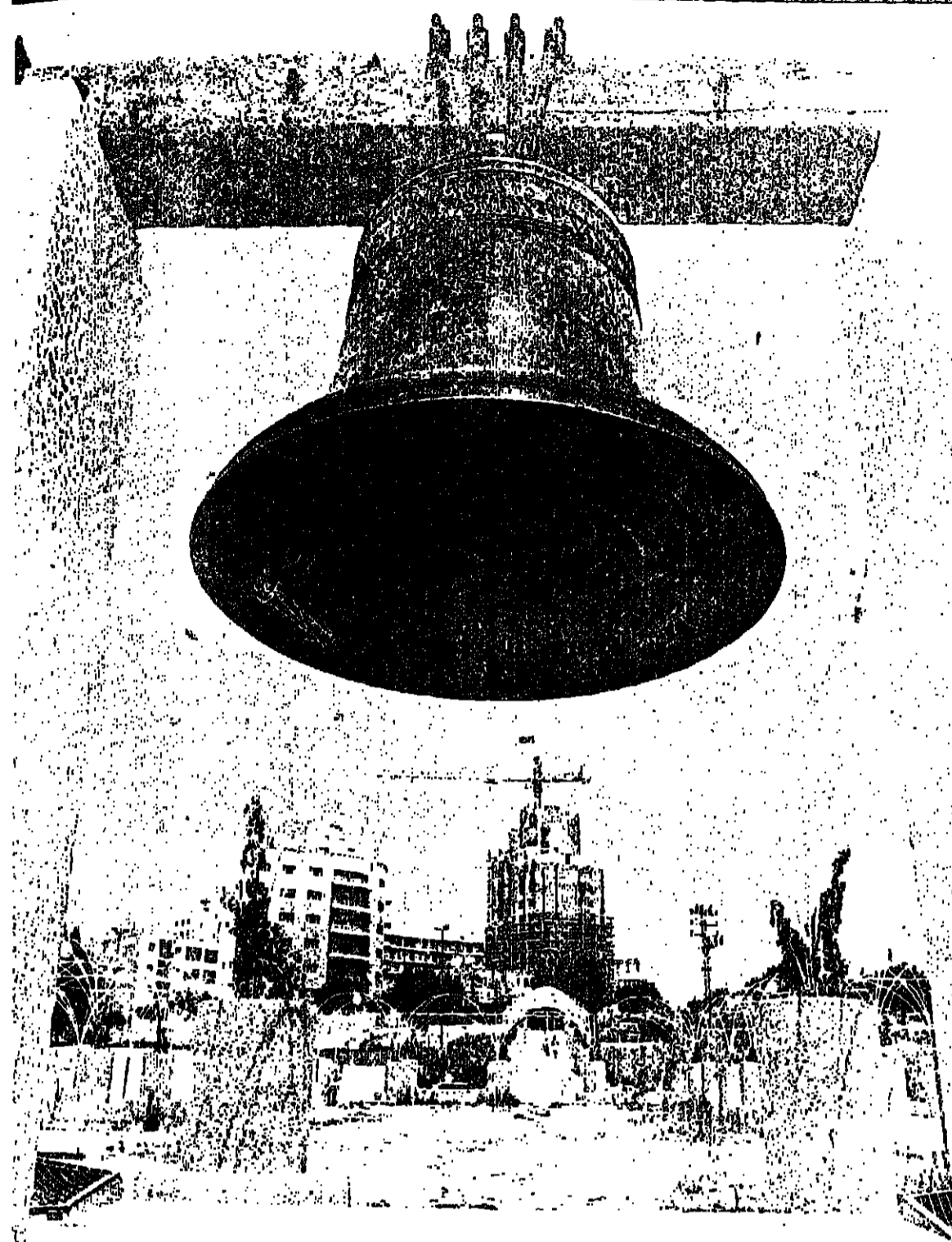
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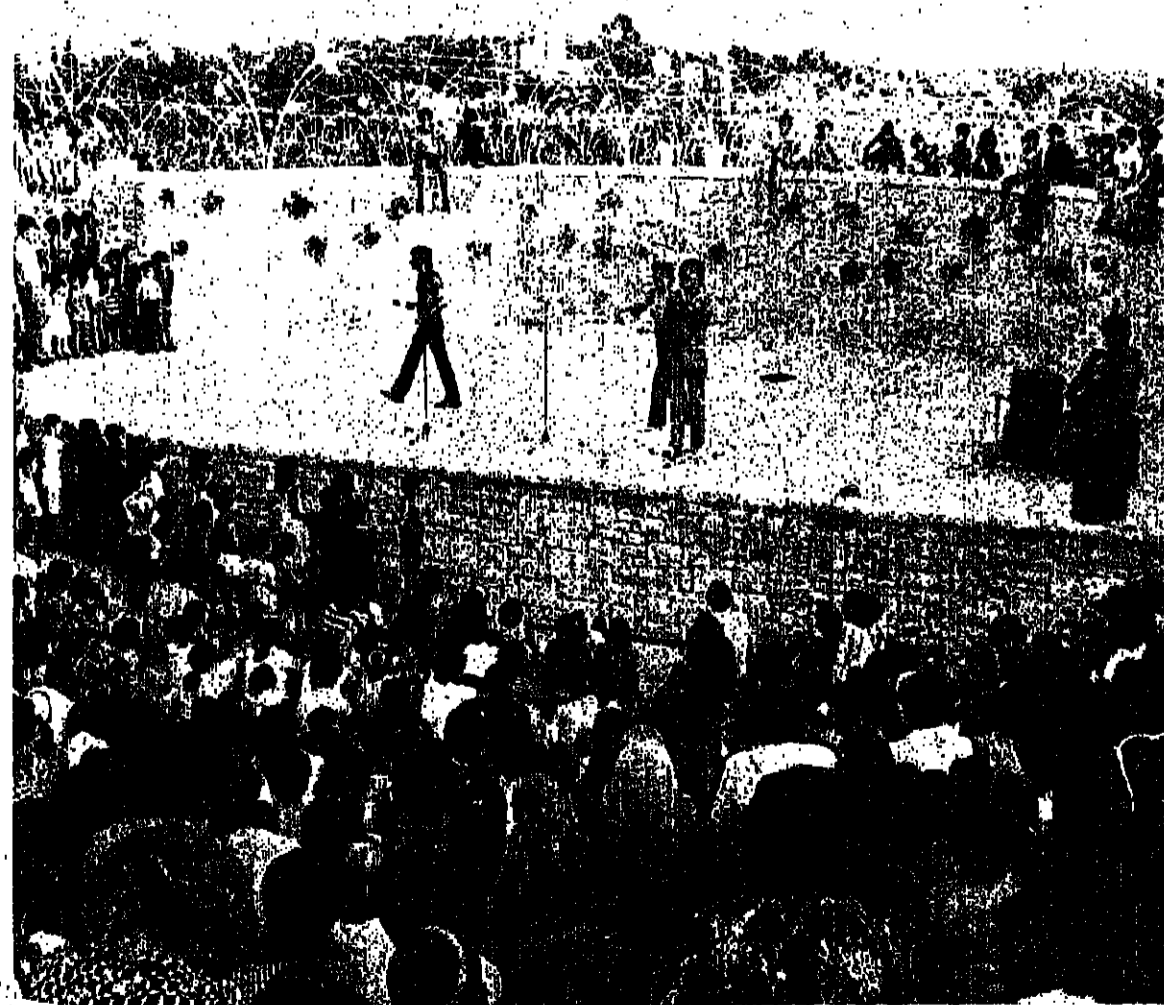
There are *Bituach Leumi* branch offices all over the country. If you have a problem or a question feel free to write or visit any one of the branches or to telephone the Institute's information service in Tel Aviv Tel 03-258148, 266348.

Branches in the major cities are as follows:
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The main office of the National Insurance Institute is located at 13 Rehov Weizmann, Jerusalem, Tel 02-528111. The public relations department at this address will also answer written queries. (G.M.S.)

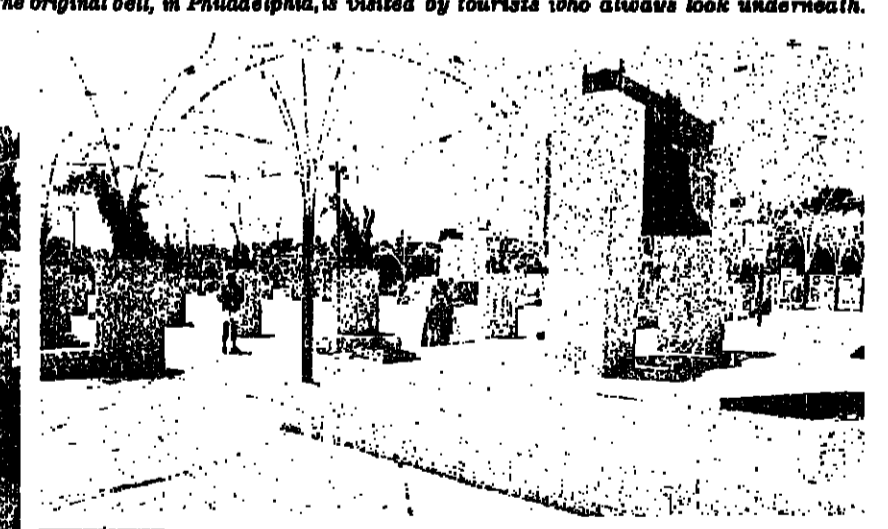


(Above) Cracked replica of Liberty Bell in park, in Jerusalem's former Omariyya plot in centre of town. (Right) The original bell, in Philadelphia, is visited by tourists who always look underneath.



Garden of the bell

Images of Jerusalem's Liberty Bell Garden, photographed by Isaiah Karlinsky.



Communicated by the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1979

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THIRTEEN



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RECENTLY, *Commentary* magazine carried a pre-publication excerpt from this book which made a profound impression — it was clearly to be an outstanding work of Holocaust literature. Holocaust memoirs have their own intrinsic and historical interest, but only a select few can also claim to be "literature" in the sense of creative, literary expression. This excerpt was such an exception — sensitive, beautifully written (and excellently translated).

To some, it came as a surprise. We had known Saul Friedländer as professor of Modern Jewish History at Geneva, at the Hebrew University and now at Tel Aviv University, and as the author of a number of fascinating and well-documented books on the Holocaust period (for example, on Plus XII and the Third Reich, on Hitler and the United States, 1939-1941, and on Kurt Gerstein, the S.S. officer who tried to warn the world of the Final Solution). But these were straight works on sound academic foundations.

The book itself proves far more encompassing than the *Commentary* chapter indicated. It is not only a Holocaust memoir but a work on three levels: the story of his childhood, during the Holocaust, the formative age; the years of youth in the early period of the state of Israel, an age of certainty; and the mature years in Israel today, an age of uncertainty. The framework is a 1977 diary, written in Jerusalem, in which the present gives way to various layers of the past.

Friedländer was Czech by birth and was given the name Pavel by his semi-assimilated family. The Jewish content of his Prague childhood was minimal — but he learned he was a Jew when he did not join his schoolmates in their weekly religion class. Once the Germans took over Czechoslovakia, there was no longer any question as to identity. His father tried to get certificates for Palestine, but when these proved unavailable, took the family to Paris. Here Pavel became Paul and was sent initially to a Jewish children's home. In France, the little Czech boy had, of course, already felt different; in the Jewish home, the religious children with their yarmulkes and sarlocks looked on him as a goy. They tied him to a tree and beat him. The boy, aged eight, was already an outsider — and for the rest of his life would remain an outsider, trying to get inside.

AFTER the Fall of France, the

From Paul to Saul



WHEN MEMORY COMES by Saul Friedländer. Translated from the French by Helen R. Lane. New York, Farrar Straus Giroux. 186 pp. \$9.95.

Geoffrey Wigoder

family fled to the provinces. Shortly before his parents were deported — never to return — young Paul was placed in a Catholic seminary, with full acceptance by his father of his future baptism.

The story of the Catholic seminary is dramatic and tellingly descriptive. His name was now Paul-Henri Ferland, to which Marie was added at his baptism. The seminary provided him with the womb environment he was seeking. Like so many other lonely souls, he found his comfort in monolithic Catholicism with its reassuring answer to every question and doubt. Religion dominated his life — he told his beads and sought to out-do his fellows in his religious ardour. He was intoxicated with the incense, the splendour of the chasubles, the majesty of the music and all the ritual trappings. "I had passed over to Catholicism, body and soul," he writes.

When the war was coming to an end (with the Seminary con-

tinuing to revere Petain and to revile the Resistance for its communism and atheism), he decided to become a priest and contemplated entering the Jesuit order. Then occurred a most remarkable episode. The seminary sent him to another town to get advice from a Jesuit father and teacher (unfortunately not identified by name). This priest, however, did not encourage him and prepare him for his vocation: he sat him down and told him about Auschwitz and the death-trains, and read a memoir of a French Jew discovering anti-Semitism for the first time. The encounter proved crucial; from then on, he began to feel Jewish. It was the revelation on the road from Damascus as Paul began to become Shaul. Friedländer wonders whether the priest was motivated by a sense of justice or of charity. Maybe he was very practically testing the depth of commitment — or maybe this was a truly religious manifestation.

The way back took a little time. At the first seder he attended, he could not get himself to eat the meat because it fell on Good Friday. He became a Zionist out of the logical need of the Jew to be master of his fate. Shaul went to Israel on the Altalena in the framework of a Betar group. He came here to fight. He was all of 16 years old.

THE EARLY years after the War of Independence, living in a youth village, seem to have been comparatively happy ones. The period appeared heroic and hopeful; at last, maybe, he had an identity, was an insider. But this was not to last. It was followed by more uncertainty, more self-questioning. Significantly, Shaul became Saul — a Hebrew name but not in its Hebrew form. He was to become a professor in Israeli universities — but simultaneously to remain a professor in Switzerland.

And in the framework of his contemporary musings, he reiterates the questioning that haunts so many concerning the direction we have moved and are moving in: a dream fulfilled, but the vision unfulfilled and receding. "What went askew?" he asks. "We are a generation marked by doubt and scepticism, left with contradiction and a faith in ruins."

He looks back to the Six Day War as a turning-point. At the time, he accepted the country's declared position, despite his revulsion at the explosion of nationalism, simplistic and mystical. But he moved away when he discovered that the intransigence was based on principle. He realizes that the un-questioning mythology of the early years of the state was the product of an extraordinary naivete, and that his disenchantment is not unusual, but asks "What is the point beyond which the imperfections of everyday life come to undermine the very meaning of the undertaking?" He wonders if a Jewish state may be only a step on the way of a people whose particular destiny has come to symbolize the endless quest of all mankind. The scream suppressed behind every page of the book becomes gently audible at its end.

He asks himself what traces have remained of his Catholic education. On the deepest level, he thinks, nothing remains. But he detects its influence in an unease in relationships, reticence, a tendency to passivity rather than action, to moral preoccupations, constant self-examination and constant dissatisfactions. Truth to tell, these qualities can often be found equally in Israeli intellectuals with no parallel background. But he could have added to his list the overwhelming contribution of a Catholic education — a sense of guilt, permeating thought and influencing action.

This is a rare human and humane document, a voice worth listening to. □

Towns

THE OTHER SIDE OF ISRAEL: The Story of the Development Towns by Laible Hoffmitz. Tel Aviv, Nateev. 270 pp. \$8.95

Mordechai Beck

ISRAEL'S 30 OR SO development towns account for some 16% of its population. They only began after the founding of the State and with mainly Oriental rather than Western Jews. The functions — of security, defence, absorption, integration and economic development were similar to those of the rural collectives — the moshavim and kibbutzim. But they lacked both the methods and the collective ideology to carry these ideals through.

Zionist ideologues, who, for historical reasons, were anti-urban, were unable or unwilling to cope with urban 'pioneers.' Thus the people who came to these towns had alien goals and ideologies thrust upon them, while any cultural baggage of their own had to be abandoned or was driven underground.

These tensions soon manifested themselves in the serious educational and social problems which the towns engendered — the poor self-image of most of their population, who were unable to live up to the goals given them, and their high rate of emigration out of the towns — often of the most talented individuals.

Economically and politically, too, there was little opportunity. Playing subsidiary roles to local farms or the big cities merely reinforced the sense of being second-class.

Yet despite the frustrations and continuous crises the development towns have managed to survive and, to some degree, correct the well-meaning but misguided policies foisted upon them in earlier years. They have also succeeded in integrating with the rest of the country, despite their physical isolation.

Even so, most commentators accept that not enough time has elapsed for the towns to fully realise their potential. Some exceptions like Beerseheba, Dimona and Kiryat Gat exist but the rest have still to live up to their promise.

Much of Mr. Hoffmitz's book is taken up with facts and figures which remain unrelated to any broader meaning. The number of schools, synagogues or supermarkets may be of interest when referred to some overall plan, or even to a personal story of the individuals involved. But here they just become tedious in the extreme.

Mr. Hoffmitz appears unable to distinguish technological achievements from those of human fulfilment. Had he concentrated on the life story of, say, one family in each of a smaller selection of towns, he might have made a more lasting contribution to the subject for both professionals and lay alike.

The book is appallingly produced. To speak of editing at all seems an exaggeration. We are told of the author, for example, that: "To Israel he came from the United States in 1962." The level of the English throughout the book is unfortunately consistent with this blurb. The selection and placing of the photographs is even more disturbing. Most look like bad family portraits. □

LIVING in Jerusalem is a very special experience for those of us who have adopted the city as our home, but seeing it through the eyes of a storyteller who has spent the entire 42 years of his life here provides both insight and pleasure not generally available to newcomers.

The close and crowded life in the small Jerusalem communities of the '40s and '50s provided a rich source of material for the imagination of a child growing up in this environment. In wonderment he watched the adults maintaining most of the superstitions and rituals they had brought from their native countries and always accepted without question.

"One of these rituals is delightfully described in Yishai's story, 'Leviamos.' This was the ceremony for ridding someone of the ill which a dybbuk-like spirit had cast upon him. The days before the 'leviamos' were fraught with excitement and

Casting a spell

AL HAHUTIM VE'AL LAURA על החותמים ועל לאורח (Laura and Other Stories) by Orzion Yishai. Jerusalem, Hadar Press. 170 pp. IL90.

Anita Erlich

anticipation. All the afflicted were prepared for the ritual — the barren aunt, the insane cousin, and the narrator, who stuttered. Nobody was allowed to bother them during this time, lest the spirit be disturbed. The day itself was a big holiday; the aroma of the holiday foods — rice with beans and freshly baked bread, filled the house. On the primus sat a ladle containing molten lead. Next to it stood a pot of cold water.

The whole family gathered around to watch the ceremony to be performed by the eldest aunt. A large sheet was placed over the afflicted and the aunt began to chant the names of the patriarchs. At the same time, she lifted the ladle and poured the lead into the water, proceeding to interpret the meaning of the patterns made by the cooling metal.

She told the stutterer that he had begun stuttering upon seeing a black cat and that in order to be cured he must catch another black cat and boil some of its fur in the water, which he must sip three times a day for the next three days; chanting the names of the patriarchs as he did so.

ORZION YISHAI spent two years as an emissary in Chile. This ex-

perience forms the basis of the novella that gives the book its title. His account of life in an Israeli community during the turbulence of the overthrow of Allende makes fascinating reading.

The narrator is amazed at the many strings he finds linking Jerusalem and Chile — a childhood crony of his, aging father, a Catholic dentist who studies Kabbala, and Indian natives who are partially Jewish. He forms many unforgettable attachments, the central one is Laura, a beautiful Indian revolutionary who also has Jewish blood. Their love is deep and passionate, an oasis in the turbulence of the time.

Yishai's warm personal approach, his understanding of people and his skill as a storyteller make this book, like his previous one, *All in a Day*, pleasurable and entertaining even for those still struggling to become "natives." □

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT used his imperial presidency on the demagoguery of the public relations image, and used the media with a sure touch its own professionals had yet to learn. He reached over the heads of the old party machines straight to the people and forever changed the nature of the political process in America.

The first to benefit from the flood of news with which Roosevelt established his image and, therefore, his power, was Henry Luce's *Time* magazine. Luce, as Halberstam shrewdly notes in this analytic and anecdotal work on some of America's media giants, was custom-made to herald the new age. The son of China-missionaries, he was a walking incarnation of the Protestant assertiveness of American capitalism. Big business and internationally-applied U.S. military power would remake the world in Uncle Sam's (respectably Christian) image as far as Luce was concerned. For 30 years, the dramatic blow-by-blow prose of *Time* was dedicated to bringing that vision to pass.

Time brought a new depth of reporting and analysis to the towns and villages and provincial cities of America. Though New York-based, it spoke to the Republican and Dixie heartlands, and the industrial cities jealous of East Coast pretensions, with a simple faith in the American destiny Luce shared with them. *Life*, launched in 1938, used brilliant new advances in photo-reproduction technology to dramatize to the American people in pictures what *Time* dramatized in prose.

LUCE now enjoyed a power he did not hesitate to apply. When Pulitzer Prize winner John Hersey finally left *Time* in disgust during World War II, he told Luce that the magazine contained about as much truth as *Pravda*. The same editorial power that gave *Time* its distinctive prose style also cut, chopped, suppressed, and ignored the often outstanding dispatches of correspondents out in the field who were telling it like it was.

For nearly two decades *Time* totally misinformed the American people, government, and elected



Noel Coward with Mae West and Cary Grant in *Hollywood*, 1929. One of hundreds of illustrations documenting a remarkable career in "Noel Coward and his Friends" by Cole Lesley, Graham Paine and Sheridan Morley (Waldenfeld & Nicolson, £8.00). A.B.

The image makers

THE POWERS THAT BE by David Halberstam. New York, Reinhardt and Morton. \$14.95.

Martin Sieff

radio network, but its founding father, David Sarnoff, was a poet of technology rather than a man of entertainment, and his driving ambition was touchingly simple — he wanted to run the best sound system in the world.

William S. Paley of CBS just couldn't see things that way. His father Sam was a self-made Jewish millionaire in cigars from the Old Country who bought the fledgling CBS for him in 1928 for \$480,000. The 27-year-old Paley never looked back.

He had impeccable taste and driving ambition. As Halberstam puts it, he "combined the prime energies of American huckstering with the explosive new potential of American technology. He made the American home the focal point of the American marketplace." If the business of America was business, then it would have to be transmitted through Paley's network.

But while Paley succeeded during the 1930s in building up CBS to be Number Two in entertainment, NBC remained the established leader. Thus it was commercial ambition that drove Paley on to establish quality where he couldn't have quantity. CBS

steadily built up its news division under the exacting standards of Ed Klauer, and in 1938 a shy, awkward young mid-westerner of intellectual pretensions was sent over to Europe to schedule interviews with and talks by leading European officials. His name was Edward R. Murrow, and he arrived just in time for Hitler's march in the direction of world conquest.

Broadcasting was still young and informal. CBS was hungry and on the make. The rise of Hitler represented a challenge to the very concepts of Western democracy that could provoke something of a consensus response even in still-isolationist America.

THUS IT WAS that Murrow's great series of broadcasts on the coming of war and of Britain "standing alone" under the blitz went out freely to electrify a continent and educate the American people as to the nature and principles of the world conflict they were about to enter.

But if the voice of CBS was the voice of Murrow, the hands were still the hands of Paley. In 1948, he finally achieved his greatest ambition by robbing NBC of its greatest comedy and entertainment talent in a show-biz commando strike that has never been equalled in *chutzpa*, scale, or double-cross in the history of modern entertainment.

The timing could not have been more perfect, for television was just about to arrive, transforming the already powerful and prestigious might and wealth of network radio into a system that enslaved bodies and minds by the millions and poured into the hands of Paley and his emulators wealth and influence beyond the dreams of Croesus.

Ed Murrow's "finest hour" was still to come, with his "See It Now" exposé of Senator Joe McCarthy in 1953, but the battle for the minds of the American people had already been lost when Paley got his comedians back in 1948. When star Paris correspondent Charles Collingwood was detached to wait on Jack Benny and use his exclusive contacts with the French government to get Benny's wife her perfume, he could tell the way the wind was blowing. After that, the making of

"See It Now" — the finest documentary news series in American broadcasting history — and the sidetracking and neutralization of Murrow, a side and broken man, were only a matter of time.

When the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was rushed before a bewildered Congress in 1964, calling Murrow furiously rang up his old colleague Fred Friendly — then head of CBS News — to protest why CBS were letting the crisis go past without an in-depth analysis. "National responsibility" and corporate cowardice of course won out, and the Tonkin Resolution became the quasi-constitutional basis for America's entire involvement in the Vietnam war.

By the time Watergate came round, CBS News, even though it was based on the impregnable figure of Walter Cronkite, was reduced to picking up the scraps of the newspaper investigative reporters. Spiro Agnew's attacks on the power of the media had thrown the New York networks back on the defensive in the aftermath of the Vietnam war.

HALBERSTAM devotes an equally fascinating amount of anecdote-filled space to examining the rise of the *Washington Post* with its imperial liberal pretensions, and the huckstering, incredibly powerful *Los Angeles Times*. The *Grahams of the Post* and the *Chandlers of the Times* provide epic family sagas to place beside the *Forystes*. In the background, but overshadowing both, is the awesome *New York Times* itself, with its tremendous resources and reputation, and its presiding German-Jewish Sulzberger dynasty with their craving for all-American respectability.

As an ex-*New York Times* man himself, Halberstam felt he was too involved with the paper to give it in-depth treatment. Thus the *New York Times* hovers above the 700-plus pages of *The Powers That Be* as a sort of Holy Grail — a paragon of perfection which the more earthy, sweaty heroes strive to emulate or react against. Even the "powers that be" need someone bigger than they are to chase — it makes them try harder. □

SYNGE FIRST VISITED the Aran Islands at the beginning of the century, intending to write about the pathos and strangeness of the life of the peasantry and to learn the language.

In the latter aim he was by no means alone. In fact, he writes, "most of the strangers they see on the islands are philological students, and the people have been lead to conclude that linguistic studies, particularly Gaelic studies, are the chief occupation of the outside world."

He learned from the men of Aran to be "rich and copious with his words," for which they have earned our undying gratitude: the wildness and the rhythms of their speech, transmuted by Synges's genius, gave us *Biders to the Sea* and *The Playboy of the Western World*, among others.

The sublime poetry of *The Playboy* (which we saw on TV earlier this year) serves, strangely, and unforgettably, as the vehicle for the telling of dark and desperate deeds:

"Where now will you meet the like of Daneen Sullivan knocked the eye from a peeler, or Marcus Quin, God rest him, got six months for mairning ewes, and he

An ancient breed

THE ARAN ISLANDS by J.M.Synges. Oxford University Press. 178 pp. £2.00

Alex Berlyne

a great warrant to tell stories of holy Ireland till he'd have the old women shedding tears about their feet. Where will you find the like of them, I'm saying?"

In *The Aran Islands*, the oldest man on Inishmaan often tells Synges "about a Connaught man who killed his father with a blow of a spade when he was in passion, and then fled" — the germ, I imagine, of the plot of *The Playboy*.

This OUP paperback is a reprint of the 1907 edition and includes 14 of the photographs which Synges took. Among them are some of a cruel eviction which help the reader to understand that speeches in *The Playboy* like the one quoted above were firmly rooted in the harsh realities of life in the islands, thus confirming Yeats' lines:

John Synges, I and Augusta Gregory, thought All that we did, all that we said or sang Must come from contact with the soil ...

YOU COULDN'T get much closer to the soil. According to Synges, the measurement of time on the island was dependent on the direction of the wind.

As the prevailing wind blew from the north, the south door of the cottage was usually left open and the passage of the hours was judged by the shadow of the door-post moving across the kitchen floor.

"As soon, however, as the wind changes to the south," Synges writes, "the other door is opened and the people, who never think of putting up a primitive dial, are at a loss." The result was that the old woman who looked after him sometimes prepared his tea three hours too early.

Synges developed a great and reciprocated affection for the fine-

featured people of the three islands — Aranmor, Inishmaan and Inishere — which lie 30 miles off the coast of Galway, with the headlands of Connemara to the north and the terrifying cliffs of County Clare to the south. He describes the dark beauty of the women, dressed in their scarlet wool, and the menfolk with their "high cheek-bones and ungovernable eyes" who seem to represent some ancient strain found only at the extreme edge of Europe.

SYNGE repeats the stories told to him by Pat Dirane, the *shanaohie*, of islanders fallen victim to the druids and the fairies, and describes hair-raising fishing expeditions in frail curraochs across the dangerous seas which surround the islands. One old fisherman explained to Synges how he coped with the ever-present fear of drowning and, incidentally, provided the only Irish bull in the book:

"A man who is not afraid of the sea will soon be drowned," he said, "for he will be going out on a day he shouldn't. But we do be afraid of the sea, and we only be drowned now and again." □

Players

THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF THE THEATRE by John Russell Taylor. Second Revised Edition. Hamondsworth. Penguin Books. 404 pp. £1.00

Mendel Kohansky

JOHN Russell Taylor's *Dictionary of the Theatre* is still the best quick reference language of theatre in the English language. In fact, it is indispensable now that the venerable *Oxford Companion to the Theatre* has died a mysterious death.

Although it contains data on playwrights and actors who were virtually unknown when the last *Dictionary* came out, the book does not quite take us to 1978, its publication year — Pinter's last listed play is his 1970 *No Man's Land*; Michael Hastings' career ends before it really began, with his 1966 documentary *Lee Harvey Oswald*; and David Hare does not appear at all. □

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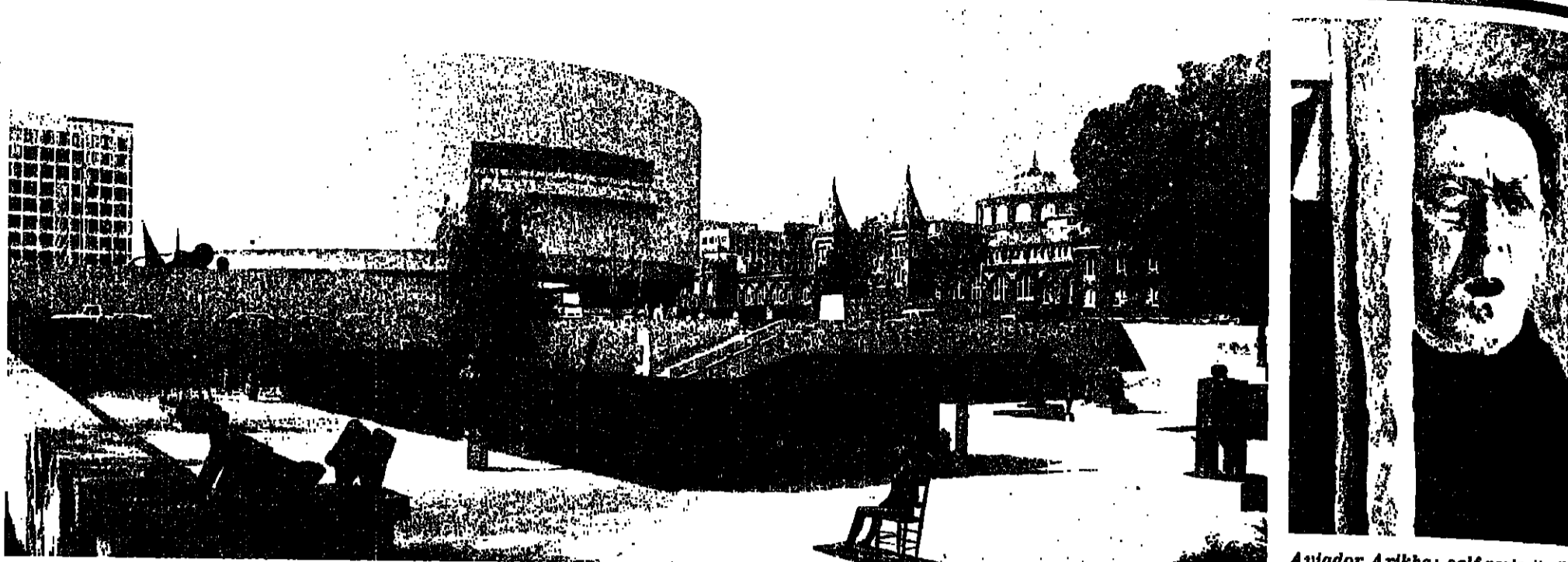
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The Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., seen from its rear sculpture garden. In the background is the original Smithsonian.

Washington: museum capital of the world

Meir Ronnen

IT WAS a sweltering 88° with 90% humidity in Washington D.C. this summer and it seemed even hotter on the top floor of the Corcoran, the only museum in the city that is not air-conditioned. Still, it was a surprise to come across a veteran Jerusalem publisher-typographer sweating in his singlet. A closer look revealed that "Dr. Spitzer On A Hot Day" had been painted in Jerusalem, by Avigdor Arikha. Twenty two of Arikha's canvases were on show at the Corcoran throughout July and August — a singular achievement for an Israeli — and the show was critically well received. Paris-based Arikha, who has long abandoned abstract painting and who has achieved a sort of metaphysical realism that is much more than a copy of appearances, has since been called (by Robert Hughes in Time Magazine) "the most important realist since Edward Hopper." In any event, the show is impressive.

The Corcoran is an institution that comprises not only collections of early American and classical and modern American art, but Washington's shiny major art school. A summer school is also open to visitors for modest fees. Arikha was not the only Israeli present in Washington this summer — one could hear Hebrew in the cool rooms of the National Gallery and its new dramatic East Wing and — most of all — in the enormous Air and Space Museum, which traces the dawn of flight to Skylab; the actual backup model of which was inserted into the enormous building in three sections before being reassembled. Washington is, in fact, the museum capital of the world — there are more art museums to see there than in any other city and they are all of top quality. Further, many of them are conveniently located on both sides of the beautiful Washington Mall and all are within a block or two of the city's dramatically clean subway with its air-conditioned, carpeted and whisper quiet trains. The Israelis who earmarked 10 days for New York City and two or three for Washington discovered that they had made a mistake: at least a week of intensive museums (well worth seeing are the Natural History Museum and the Bicentennial Technological Museum). All of them are free and most are open until 9 p.m. in summer, when darkness falls.

WHERE to begin? The three or four-day visitor would be best advised to start with the National Gallery, the

Hirshhorn Museum and the Phillips Collection, saving the last day for a quick visit to the Freer Gallery and a longer one to "Air and Space" to relieve any art indigestion.

Nearly all the Washington Museums have been built out of great private collections and that of the Mallons helped launch the National Gallery and its new ultra-modern East Wing (to which we will devote a separate article). The National Gallery houses some of the world's finest paintings in a panoramic view of art history, from the Middle Ages to Impressionism, and has the added dimension of early American painting, notably that of Copley and Gilbert Stuart. One moves in wonder from Rembrandt to Vermeer, from Van Gogh to Cezanne. Star of the collection is the beautiful (and marvellously clean) Gioconda (and marvellously clean) Gioconda de'Benisi, the only Leonardo painting outside of Europe. The collection of Italian painting and sculpture is the most comprehensive in the Western hemisphere. Surveys of German, Flemish and Spanish art are particularly good.

True modernism begins in the East Wing, reached by an underground conveyor belt concourse.

BUT in the nearby four-tiered bagel that is the Hirshhorn Museum, one can get a singularly original overview of the entire development of modern art. Presented to the nation in 1966 by a private collector, it is constantly receiving new additions through its status as a national museum that is part of the Smithsonian complex. The bulk of the collection was put together by Joseph Hirshhorn, a self-educated, self-made uranium tycoon; and it begins with French "aeron" sculpture and great bronzes by Degas, Rodin and Matisse; and early American Impressionism, and has some fine paintings (not all of them hung at once) includes European works of the last three or four decades but the accent is on modern American art, from the Ashcan School to New Realism. The 2,000 sculptures run from Rodin to Mark di Suvero, with everyone in between. A full day is needed to get an unhurried taste of this marvellous museum.

Nevertheless, it is easy to orient yourself at the Hirshhorn, and one can walk all around the museum in a morning. The circular building stands on stilts, covering an outdoor café surrounded by dozens of large metal sculptures, including Calder and Riecky — and some by Israel's Kadishman and Yehiel Shemi. Most of

the works are so large that they tend to cancel each other out. The biggest yet most unimpressive work is an abstraction of an iron ship by Suvero; its chief function is to make most of the other works seem tiny. In back of the Museum is its sculpture garden with large classical bronzes, from Rodin and Maffei to Moore and Marin.

Escalators take you up to the circular galleries. The inner rings, open to natural light, house the "real" sculpture collection. The outer rings, housing the paintings, are all lit artificially, but often too steeply, with heavy frames casting shadows on the upper part of many of the oils. But there criticism stops: the collection is breathtaking. It ranges from America's John Peto to Columbia's Botero.

The basement houses a large area for current shows. The summer offering was a fascinating group assembly, entitled "Directions" and comprising pieces by over a dozen of the more experimental young artists in Washington and elsewhere. One of the displays featured cardboard mockups of TV soap operas. The show ran the gamut from conceptual art to neo-abstract-impresionist painting.

THE beautiful and classical Freer Museum, designed by Charles Platt around a central garden over half a century ago, is a little gem that can be seen in a morning. Built in pink granite in the style of a Florentine palazzo, its exhibition galleries are all on one floor and house the original collection of Detroit industrialist Charles Lang Freer. Only a fraction of the 10,000 catalogued works can be displayed, but they evidence the fact that this museum houses one of the West's most distinguished collections of art from the Near and Far East (which is also regularly augmented). It also contains a fine collection of American contemporary art, notably James McNeill Whistler, who introduced Freer to oriental art, and his exotic Peacock Room, executed in 1876 for a London merchant, is one of the world's most popular displays.

The gallery and its library is a research centre and trains graduate students majoring in Oriental art. The collection, from China, Japan, Korea, Iran, Egypt and Syria, comprises sculpture, pottery, porcelain, jade and lacquer, metalwork and manuscripts. There are also Greek, Aramaic and Armenian biblical manuscripts, as well as early Christian gold, silver and paintings.



Giovanni Boldini: Consuelo Vanderbilt and her son, oils, 1906. One of the flamboyant portraits in the exhibition "Return To Albion — Americans in England, 1760-1940," now at the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery in Washington. This painting is from the collection of New York's Metropolitan Museum.

ONE can sit and muse in the Freer. But an even more quiet and homely intimate atmosphere can be found at the home of the quite superb Phillips Collection, an old mansion at the north end of the city proper on 21st street, near the Dupont Circle subway station. Once the home of Duncan Phillips, it is now on the Register of Historic Places and is the oldest museum of modern art in the United States. It contains some of the world's very greatest paintings — indeed, there is not a single indifferent work on the entire premises. There are few visitors, and one feels like a house guest. With growing excitement, one prowls the labyrinth of this magnificent old house, tracing the rise of modernism from the art of the 18th century. With growing awe, one stops at Van Gogh's "Public Garden at Arles," 1888, "one of the great masterpieces of all time, in which every single problem of harmony of composition and colour has been solved. Then on to Renoir's famous boating luncheon and to works by Vuillard, Sisley and Bonnard.

(This is the first of two articles on Washington museums.)



Avigdor Arikha: self-portrait, oils (detail), from his exhibition at the Corcoran Museum this summer.



Head of a Boy from a 4th century B.C.E. Greek tombstone, in the best tradition of classical Greek sculpture, is the "Exhibit of the Month" at the Israel Museum.

Round the galleries

JOYCE BELL is a competent water-colourist. Painting on location, her subjects include Jerusalem's Old City skyline, with emphasis placed on the various churches and holy places, the Judaea hills and views of the Galilee landscape. She commands all the watercolour techniques and is especially successful in her wistful renderings of trees and foliage for which she calls upon a "relaxed" wet-on-wet technique. Colour is washed on descriptively to match realistic drawing and conservative compositions. Bell is least successful when she attempts to capture the Mediterranean light. Although the palette changes to a yellow-orange bent the painted areas become scumbled and overworked. Generally, Bell's forms are not defined harshly enough, shadows are left transparent to the point of diluting an important regional characteristic. When Bell paints the Israeli hills, one gets the impression, from her strong use of blue and green tones, that somewhere, deep down, she yearns for home, the rolling hills of Sussex, England. (Dugith Gallery, 43 Frishman, Tel Aviv) Till Oct. 16.

EHUD OREN presents the viewer with a sensitivity parade of 80 miniature photo-montage-collage pictures all the same size, lined up like aesthetic troops. The effect is one of "automatic" picture making as if Oren plucked and pasted memorabilia from a gigantic grab bag. His sense of colour and balance is a delicate one, as is the thoughtful combination of abstract and figurative images. Oren seemed to enjoy putting together his personal illustrative essay — one that combines a bit of Joseph Cornell, Paul Klee and Kurt Schwitters — into an elongated surrealist odyssey. (White Gallery, 4 Habimah Sq., Tel Aviv).

MAXA NORDAU, daughter of former political Zionist Max Nordau, shows oils, watercolours and drawings, all painted in a stiff academic style. The large canvases depict anonymous female nudes while the works on paper are of landscape and city scenes. Although Nordau has lived in Paris all her life, her approach to art has not been touched by the changes nurtured by a half dozen schools and movements that were centred in the City of Lights over the past sixty years. The portraits, like the landscapes and still life, are realistically rendered but the realism is shallow, for the viewer is denied emotional depth. And art without soul is mere picture making. (Shamir Gallery, 24 Reines St., Tel Aviv).

OSIAS HOFSTÄTTER, JUDITH HAR- EVEN and MIRIAM CHALFI show their usual fare, black and white wash drawings depicting grotesque figures from the Holocaust; rapidly brushed Jerusalem landscapes; and solid semi-figurative sculptures. (Herzlia Museum, Yad Lebanim, Wolfson St., Herzliya).

RACHEL GERB, one of Israel's leading jewellery designers, noted for her exotic use of silver and precious stones, has changed direction by weaving a collection of wall carpets. (Shulamit Gallery, 16 Japhet St., Old Jaffa), Till Oct. 11, evenings from 8 to midnight.

GIL GOLDFINE

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Branches all over Israel

Underground shopping

THE NEWLY PUBLISHED *Underground Tel Aviv Guide* (Keter Books, Jerusalem) is not a directory to the subway, which the city doesn't have, but an off-beat guidebook, in English. And according to its 162 gung-ho pages, a subway is just about the only thing Tel Aviv-Jaffa lacks. It even suggests three alternative modes of transportation — rent a bicycle (from the Israel Cyclists' Touring Club), charter a yacht (at the Marina), or hire a horse and cart (on Bin-Nun Street alongside the Super-Sol).

Judy Goldman and Janet Kaplan published the new volume as a sequel to their *Underground Jerusalem* of a couple of years back. When Judy first moved to Tel Aviv, she asked me rather dubiously if I thought there was sufficient material in Tel Aviv for an off-the-beaten-track guide to shopping and sightseeing. I replied "of course," and took her on a tour of little-known points of consumer interest in the Old Tel Aviv Port area, which figures prominently in the new book, and of the better-known Old Jaffa.

The result is an easy-to-carry paperback volume with 70 chatty entries on places to shop, sites to visit, things to eat, and services to hire. Not everyone will appreciate the style: "Thockata, thock, locata lock. That's a Jewish pulse you're hearing...Jews from every imaginable country on earth clash, crash, clasp and grasp in Tel Aviv in their rush to get closer to their own personal goal. It's sunny, it's central — Sand Dune City is alive and well!"

But if you can cut through the pulsating prose or ignore it, there is a lot of useful information in *Underground*, not only for the tourist, but also for the long-time resident of the city.

"TO MARTHA — hoping there's at least one place in here you haven't discovered," was Judy's personal dedication in my copy — and I must confess that while about half the entries are based on places I have written about, the other half is about places and things that are either new to me or that I haven't got around to in this column. I have never told my readers where to get their ears pierced or their coffee-grounds read, or how to visit the municipal baths or buy a Bible in Bekimo. I did turn "flamingo pink" (to use one of the authors' phrases) when I found myself being quoted (on how to shop in the Carmel Market) and described as "Martha Melsels, Super Shopper, Market Mayen, and expert Consumer Reporter for our beloved Jerusalem Post." Good grief!

Deciding what to include in a book of this kind can be a problem. Judy's answer is that in choosing among several similar establishments, she and Janet tried to pick places that looked as though they would stay in business for a while. This is not easy in a city that changes shops as quickly as a stripper changes outfits.

So far as I know, only one mentioned enterprise has moved since the guidebook went to press in August: "Atxmonit" for children's toys has moved from Nordau Boulevard to the Kiryat Arle zone of Pe'ah Tikva and now goes by the name "Atxmon — Toy City" as reported in my column of a fortnight ago.

Another new book that came to my attention recently was a Hebrew-language Chinese cookbook, *Kosher Gourmet Chinese Cooking* by Ruth Sirkis, entitled in Hebrew simply *HaMit-bach HaSini* (the Chinese kitchen). It should prove helpful



J. and J. do their readers a good turn by listing the addresses, phone number (if any), and opening hours of all the places they mention; they even give the languages spoken in the various establishments. One line of caution: Tourists whose tastes run to the conventional items Israel is famed for — classic knitwear, leather coats, swim-suits, diamonds, wines — won't find as much shopping help here as those who prefer handicrafts and folklore, the romantic and the antique.

Obviously, the obvious has been omitted from this "underground" guide; there is no mention of the new Dizengoff Centre, for instance, but lots about little shops hidden away in alleys and courtyards.

The *Underground Tel Aviv Guide* is on sale at Steimatsky bookshops and elsewhere for IL35. Until October 16, it can be obtained through *The Jerusalem Post*, P.O.B. 81, Jerusalem, at the introductory price of IL18 (which includes postage).

Chinese cooking has been made easier for Israelis with the availability of the wok, the traditional quick-trying pan. A wok can be found in Tel Aviv at "Class," 224 Dizengoff, or its newer shop "First Class" in Dizengoff Centre, where it sells for IL44. If you want the alcohol burner that goes under it, the complete price is IL1,200. If you have a gas range, you can do without the burner, unless you want to keep food warm at the table.

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

to anyone who reads Hebrew easily and wants to know how to adapt Chinese dishes to Jewish dietary laws and the ingredients available in Israel. Sirkis goes to great lengths explaining what Chinese food is all about before she begins giving recipes. The few I tested were easy to follow, and successful.

The book itself is a large, hard-bound, 278-page glossy affair with illustrations and colour photographs, almost too nice to take into the kitchen. It was published by Bayit Va-Gan Publishing Co., Tel Aviv, and is distributed by Sifriat Ma'ariv. Price: IL269.

I was rather sceptical before I saw a demonstration on some very dirty records belonging to my children. Mirbach took one of these records and held it over some paper that was covered with cigarette ash (to approximate static electricity, immediately attracted the ash. Then Mirbach put the record into the Disco-Antistat holder filled with the special fluid, turned it around a few times, and left it to dry in an accompanying rack. When he tried the cigarette ash experiment

again, the disc did not attract any of it.

Mirbach admits that you can obtain a temporary anti-static effect by wiping with a record cloth impregnated with special material, but says this effect will wear off as soon as you put the disc back in a plastic or paper sleeve, which recharges it with static electricity. By contrast, he claims, Knowin's Disco-Antistat method has proven effective in a laboratory for up to several years — and at home for approximately one year.

Knowin also makes a "Quick Cleaner" brush with fluid which will sell here for about IL200, but this gives only a superficial anti-static cleaning, not the deep-cleaning of grooves that is accomplished with the more expensive Disco-Antistat, Mirbach claims.

The liquid that comes with the original apparatus will suffice for cleaning several hundred records; a filter and funnel are provided to rebottle leftover liquid each time you use the machine. When it runs out, a refill bottle is available at about IL400.

MIRBACH recommends cleaning brand-new records with Disco-Antistat. "You can often hear the snap and crackle of static electricity even on a new record," he claims. Unless you mishandle a record or see dirt on it, you don't need to reclean it for a year. Meanwhile, if all your records are clean and anti-static, you can loan the apparatus to your record-loving friends, and use it when you borrow their dirty records so as to protect your own gramophone needles; it enables you to produce static-free cassette tapes from other people's discs.

The drying rack holds only a dozen discs, and it takes 10 minutes to dry each batch. Don't put records back in the sleeves wet or dirt will stick to them.

Mirbach thinks the anti-static liquid may prove useful in industry, as well as in the military, where sensitive instrument panels are produced or used. Theoretically, the liquid can remove static electricity from any glass or plastic product.

The same import firm, Knowin (Israel), also brings over various plastic houseware items, particularly storage boxes for refrigerator and deep-freeze use. While similar products are made in Israel, the sizes and shapes of those from Knowin are particularly convenient for freezer usage, and they close virtually hermetically. The clear plastic ones are labelled "Frier Set" and the coloured ones "Vacu Box."

Mirbach himself admits, however, that the flood of imports on the local market is deplorable, and he hopes eventually to produce these boxes under licence here and export other locally made plastic items to the European Common Market. He was encouraged by a letter he received from the Knowin home company which stated: "...we would like you to know that we are always interested in new products that we could add to our range....We are aware that Israeli manufacturers are able to produce plastic goods of high standards."

Meanwhile, the imported boxes are on sale at various houseware shops here, at prices from about IL85 to IL135 per set. □

The Weekend Dry Bones

THE COY (O) B (O) R (O) N!
BY AVO (O) N (O) N!

IT STARTED OUT LIKE ANY OTHER SUCCOT HOLIDAY IN JERUSALEM...
PEOPLE HAMMERING OLD PIECES OF WOOD TOGETHER ALL OVER TOWN...
KIDS DRAGGING IN LEAFY BRANCHES TO COVER THE ROOFS OF THE FRAGILE BOOTHS...

YES, IT STARTED OUT LIKE ANY OTHER SUCCOT HOLIDAY...
EXCEPT THAT THERE DID SEEM TO BE A LOT MORE SUCCAS THAN USUAL...
AND WHEN SUCCOT WAS OVER, NOBODY TOOK HIS SUCCA DOWN!
THE MAYOR FUMED...THE MINISTER OF HOUSING RAGED... AND YOSEF AND GOREN MADE A DRAMATIC T.V. APPEAL!

BUT THE PEOPLE HEEDED NOT THE WORDS OF THE "LEADERS"...
THE GOVERNMENT MEETS IN SPECIAL SESSION...
BUT THE SUCCA SETTLERS ARE ADAMANT!

OUTRAGEOUS RENTS!! IMPOSSIBLE PURCHASE PRICES FOR FLATS!!
WE WANT BE DRIVEN FROM OUR CITY!!
WE'LL STAY IN THE SUCCAS 'TIL HOUSING IS AVAILABLE!!
UH...MR PRIME MINISTER... FIGURING THE AVERAGE SUCCA TO BE ABOUT 4 1/2 SQUARE METERS... WITH ABOUT 30,000 SUCCAS IN JERUSALEM AT PRESENT... MAKES ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND SQUARE METERS OF ADDITIONAL HOUSING...

AND SO, LIKE THE SPRAWLING TIN-ROOFED SHANTY TOWN OF RIO...
AND THE FLOATING QUANT BOAT-PEOPLE OF HONG KONG...
A NEW, BEAUTIFUL TOURIST ATTRACTION IS CREATED, ...SUCCA CITY!

DADBE the DOG
YOU'RE COMING ON ALIYA...
AND YOU ONLY HAVE \$10,000...
DON'T WORRY MRS. COHEN...
I CAN GET YOU A NICE PLACE IN REHAVIA...
PALM BRANCH ROOF AND...
PLYWOOD DOOR.